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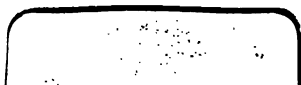
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THE
CHILDREN'S
POETRY BOOK.
—
ILLUSTRATED

The book cover is a deep red color with a gold-tooled title label in the center. The label is circular with ornate, leaf-like corners. The text on the label is in a serif font. Below the title, there is a small horizontal line. The entire cover is framed by a faint, embossed border with a repeating diamond pattern at the bottom.



600077481X









The Village Boy.

THE
CHILDREN'S
POETRY BOOK.

BEING
A Selection of Narrative Poetry
FOR THE YOUNG.

WITH SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS DUNZIEL,
ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DUNZIEL.



LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE.

1868.

280. m. 161.

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PREFACE.



IN preparing this little Book of Poetry for the Young, no attempt has been made at classification, the desire being to give variety of subject throughout the volume. The selections are nearly all narrative in character, such being thought most likely to interest children. It is hoped the readers of this work may not only be entertained, but may have awakened in them a true love of poetry.

To the Authors and Publishers who have kindly allowed their copyright poems to be printed in this volume, the best thanks of the Editor are offered for such permission, and for the courteous and ready manner in which it has been granted.

Introduction

The purpose of this study was to investigate the effects of a 12-week training program on the physical and psychological health of sedentary individuals. The study was conducted in a laboratory setting and involved a group of 20 participants who were randomly assigned to either a training or control group. The training group participated in a supervised exercise program consisting of three sessions per week, each lasting 45 minutes. The control group remained sedentary throughout the study. Data were collected at baseline and at the end of the 12-week period. The results of the study showed that the training group experienced significant improvements in cardiovascular fitness, muscle strength, and body composition compared to the control group. Additionally, the training group reported a decrease in anxiety and an increase in overall well-being. These findings suggest that a structured exercise program can have positive effects on both physical and psychological health.

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THE CHILDREN.

BEAUTIFUL the children's faces !
Spite of all that mars and sears :
To my inmost heart appealing ;
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling ;
Steeping all my soul with tears.

Eloquent the children's faces !
Poverty's lean look, which saith,
Save us! save us! woe surrounds us;
Little knowledge sore confounds us;
Life is but a lingering death !

Give us light amid our darkness;
Let us know the good from ill;
Hate us not for all our blindness;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness—
You can make us what you will.

We are willing; we are ready;
We would learn if you would teach;
We have hearts that yearn towards duty;
We have minds alive to beauty;
Souls that any heights can reach !

Raise us by your Christian knowledge;
Consecrate to man our powers;
Let us take our proper station;
We, the rising generation,
Let us stamp the age as ours.

We shall be what you will make us :—

Make us wise, and make us good!

Make us strong for time of trial;

Teach us temperance, self-denial,

Patience, kindness, fortitude !

Look into our childish faces;

See you not our willing hearts?

Only love us—only lead us ;

Only let us know you need us,

And we all will do our parts.

We are thousands—many thousands;

Every day our ranks increase ;

Let us march beneath your banner,

We, the legion of true honour,

Combating for love and peace!

Train us! try us! days slide onward,

They can ne'er be ours again:

Save us, save! from our undoing!

Save from ignorance and ruin;

Make us worthy to be MEN !

Send us to our weeping mothers,
Angel-stamped in heart and brow!
We may be our fathers' teachers;
We may be the mightiest preachers,
In the day that dawneth now!

Such the children's mute appealing:
All my inmost soul was stirred,
And my heart was bowed with sadness
When a cry, like summer's gladness,
Said, "The children's prayer is heard!"

Mary Howitt.

POOR SUSAN.

AT the corner of Wood Street, when daylight
appears,
There's a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three
years;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.



'T is a note of enchantment : what ails her ? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven ; but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade :
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

Wordsworth.



LUCY GRAY ;

OR, SOLITUDE.

OFT have I heard of Lucy Gray ;
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day,
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

“To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”



Lucy Gray.

“That, father, will I gladly do ;
’Tis scarcely afternoon—
The Minster clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon.”

At this the father raised his hook
And snapped a faggot band ;
He plied his work ; and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor,
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

And, turning homeward, now they cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet !"
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the foot-marks small,
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
The foot-marks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And farther there were none !

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child,—
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind,
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

Wordsworth.

BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches,
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness—round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise,



Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness,
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows, and laughs, and tearful eyes,
Lights and shadows swifter born
Than on wind-swept autumn corn,
Ever some new tiny notion
Making every limb all motion—
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,

Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever-new surprisings,
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under,
Tiny scorns of smiled reproving
That have more of love than lovings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness, that we prize such sinning;
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes,
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences—small meditations,
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations,
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing;
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings,
That we'd ever have such dreamings.
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;

Wealth for which we know no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure,
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care, delight in sadness,
Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be—
That's May Bennett, that's my baby.

Bennett.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENT.

I S heaven a long way off, mother?
I watch through all the day,
To see my father coming back
And meet him on the way.

And when the night comes on, I stand
Where once I used to wait,
To see him coming from the fields
And meet him at the gate;



Then I used to put my hand in his,
And cared not more to play;
But I never meet him coming *now*,
However long I stay.

And you tell me he's in heaven, and far,
Far happier than we,
And loves us still the same; but how,
Dear mother, can that be?

For he never left us for a day
To market or to fair,
But the best of all that father saw
He brought for us to share.

He cared for nothing then but us :
I have heard father say
That coming back made worth his while
Sometimes to go away.

He used to say he liked our house
Far better than the Hall;
He would not change it for the best,
The grandest place of all.

And if where he is now, mother,
All is so good and fair,
He would have come back long ago,
To take us with him there.

He never would be missed from heaven :
I have heard father say
How many angels God has there,
To praise Him night and day :

He never would be missed in heaven,
From all that blessed throng ;
And we—oh ! we have missed him here
So sadly and so long !

But if he came to fetch us, then
I would hold his hand so fast,
I would not let it go again
Till all the way was past.

He'd tell me all that he has seen,
But *I* would never say,
How dull and lonely we have been
Since he went far away.

When you raised me to the bed, mother,
And I kissed him on the cheek,
His cheek was pale and very cold,
And his voice was low and weak.

And yet I can remember well
Each word that he spoke then,
For he said I must be a dear, good girl,
And we should meet again !



And, oh! but I have tried since then
To be good through all the day;
I have done whatever you bid me, mother,
Yet father stays away!

Is it because God loves him so?—
I know that in His love
He takes the good away from earth,
To live with Him above!

Oh that God had not loved him so!
For then he might have stayed,
And kissed me as he used at nights,
When by his knee I played;

Oh that he had not been so good,
So patient, or so kind!
Oh! had but we been more like him,
And not been left behind!

Dora Greenwell.





THE LAST OF THE FLOCK.

IN distant countries have I been,
And yet I have not often seen
A healthy man, a man full-grown,
Weep in the public roads alone.
But such a one on English ground,
And in the broad highway I met.
Along the broad highway he came,
His cheeks *with* tears were wet.

Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad;
And in his arms a lamb he had.
He saw me, and he turned aside,
As if he wished himself to hide;
Then with his coat he made essay
To wipe those briny tears away.

I followed him, and said, "My friend,

What ails you?—wherefore weep you so?"
"Shame on me, sir! this lusty lamb,

He makes my tears to flow.

To-day I fetched him from the rock;

He is the last of all my flock.

When I was young, a single man,

And after youthful follies ran,

Though little given to care and thought,

Yet, so it was, a ewe I bought;

And other sheep from her I raised,

As healthy sheep as you might see;

And then I married, and was rich

As I could wish to be;

Of sheep I numbered a full score,

And every year increased my store.

Year after year my stock it grew;

And from this one, this single ewe,

Full fifty comely sheep I raised,
As sweet a flock as ever grazed.
Upon the mountain did they feed,—
They throve, and we at home did thrive.
—This lusty lamb, of all my store,
Is all that is alive;
And now I care not if we die,
And perish all of poverty.

“Six children, sir, had I to feed,—
Hard labour in a time of need!
My pride was tamed, and in our grief
I of the parish asked relief.
They said I was a wealthy man,
My sheep upon the mountain fed,
And it was fit that thence I took
Whereof to buy us bread.
‘Do this: how can we give to you,’
They cried, ‘what to the poor is due?’

“I sold a sheep, as they had said,
And bought my little children bread,
And they were healthy with their food;
For me—it never did me good.

A woeful time it was for me,
To see the end of all my gains,
The pretty flock which I had reared
With all my care and pains,
To see it melt like snow away!
For me it was a woeful day.

“Another still! and still another!
A little lamb, and then its mother!
It was a vein that never stopped—
Like blood-drops from my heart they dropped,
Till thirty were not left alive.
They dwindled, dwindled, one by one;
And I may say that many a time
I wished they all were gone:
They dwindled one by one away!
For me it was a woeful day.

“To wicked deeds I was inclined,
And wicked fancies crossed my mind;
And every man I chanced to see,
I thought he knew some ill of me.
No peace, no comfort could I find,
No ease within doors or without;

And crazily and wearily
I went my work about.
Ofttimes I thought to run away!
For me it was a woeful day.

“Sir, ’t was a precious flock to me,
As dear as my own children be;
For daily with my growing store
I loved my children more and more.
Alas! it was an evil time:
God cursed me in my sore distress.
I prayed, yet every day I thought
I loved my children less;
And every week and every day,
My flock it seemed to melt away.

“They dwindled, sir,—sad sight to see!—
From ten to five, from five to three—
A lamb, a wether, and a ewe—
And then, at last, from three to two;
And of my fifty, yesterday
I had but only one;
And here it lies upon my arm,
Alas! and I have none.

To-day I fetched it from the rock;
It is the last of all my flock."

Wordsworth.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW.

A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

"AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The Midsummer night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low?"
"I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And I heard the corn-ears fill."



The Fairies of the Caldou-Low.

“Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldou-Low.”

“Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

“And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small;
But, oh! the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!”

“And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?”

“I'll tell you all, my mother,
But let me have my way.

“And some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

“‘For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day!

“‘Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!’

“And some they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill:—

“‘And there,’ said they, ‘the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow’s corn:

“‘Oh, the poor blind widow—
Though she has been blind so long,
She’ll be merry enough when the mildew’s gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong!’

“And some they brought the brown linseed,
And flung it down from the Low:
‘And this,’ said they, ‘by the sunrise,
In the weaver’s croft shall grow!

“‘Oh, the poor lamé weaver!
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!’

“And then upspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin:
‘I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
‘And I want some more to spin.

“‘I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
And an apron for her mother!’

“And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon-Low,
There was no one left but me.

“And all on the top of the Caldun-Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

“But, as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go!

“And I peeped into the widow’s field,
And, sure enough, was seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green!

“And down by the weaver’s croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye!

“Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I’m tired as I can be!”

Mary Howitt.



GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

A TRUE STORY.

OH! what's the matter? what's the matter?
What is't that ails young Harry Gill,
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still?
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffil grey, and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, wood or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could anything be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now, Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake;
And vowed that she should be detected,
And he on her would vengeance take.
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take;
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once behind a rick of barley
Thus looking out did Harry stand :

The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
—He hears a noise—he's all awake—
Again!—on tip-toe down the hill
He softly creeps—'t is Goody Blake!
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill!

Right glad was he when he beheld her:
Stick after stick did Goody pull:
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The bye-road back again to take,
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you, then, at last!"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God that is the Judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
“God! who art never out of hearing,
Oh, may he never more be warm!”
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding-coat,
But not a whit the warmer he;
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

’T was all in vain, a useless matter,—
And blankets were about him pinned;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry’s flesh it fell away;
And all who see him say, ’T is plain

That, live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
Abed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."
Abed or up, by night or day,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

Wordsworth.



THE ROBIN REDBREASTS.

TWO Robin Redbreasts built their nests
Within a hollow tree ;
The hen sat quietly at home,
The cock sang merrily ;
And all the little young ones said,
"Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee !"



One day (the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky)
Cock Robin said, "My little dears,
'T is time you learn to fly ;"
And all the little young ones said,
" I'll try, I'll try, I'll try!"

I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by-and-bye,

When mamma says, "Do this," or "that,"
She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far
If she would say, "I'll try."

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.



THE DYING CHILD.

A LITTLE child lay on his bed
And drew a heavy breath,
And moaning raised his weary head,
Damp with the dews of death.
Upon his bed the sunset cast
The broad and yellow ray
That oft in pleasant evenings past
Had warned him from his play.
He clasped his mother's hand and sighed,
And to his lip arose
A little prayer he learnt beside
Her knee at even's close.

And thus he prayed, ere darkness stole
Upon the silence deep,
The Blessed One to keep his soul
And guard him in his sleep:—

“Ah! gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look down on me, a little child:
Ah! pity my simplicity,
And grant me grace to come to Thee!

Four corners are around my bed,
At every one an angel spread:
One to lead me, one to feed me,
Two to take my soul to heaven.”

“And they will take it soon: I know
I have not long to wait,
Ere with those Shining Ones I go
Within the pearly gate;

“Ere I shall look upon His face
Who died that I might live
With Him for ever, through the grace
That none save He can give!



“I go where the happy waters flow
By the city of our King,
Where never cometh pain nor woe,
Nor any evil thing.

“I go to play beneath the tree
Upon whose branches high
The pleasant fruits of healing be,
That none may taste and die.

"I go to join the blessed throng
Who walk arrayed in white,
To learn of them the holy song
That rises day and night.

"I see them by the emerald light
Shed by the living Bow :
Young seraph faces, pure and bright,
More fair than aught below !

"Oh ! come to me, ye blessed ones,
And take me in your arms :
I know you by your shining robes,
And by your waving palms.

"Your robes are pure from every stain ;
Not Rachel's bitter tears
Had wrought such whiteness through the r
Of long and evil years !

"Your smiles are sweet as is the babe's
Upon my mother's knee ;
O little one ! I would that thou
Wert there along with me !

“How happily our days would flow
Where all is glad and fair!
Ah! might the faces that I know
But look upon me *there!*

“For something dear will fail awhile
In those abodes of bliss,—
The sweetness of my mother’s smile,
My father’s evening kiss.

“If they will miss me on the earth,
I shall miss them above,
And ’mid the holy angel mirth
Shall think on those I love.

“But when *they* come *I* shall be first
To give them welcome sweet;
My voice shall swell the joyous burst
That doth the ransomed greet!

“I come, O Saviour! yes, I haste
Thy ransomed child to be,
Yet I have many on the earth,
And none in heaven but Thee!”

And then a Voice spake soft and clear,
 "Whom wouldst thou have but Me?
 Who, in the heavens or with thee here,
 Hath owned such love for thee?"

* * * * *

And the child folded his wan hands, and smiled
 As o'er a blissful meaning; but his breath
 Failed in the happy utterance, as he met
 His Father's kiss upon the lip of Death.

Dora Greenwell.



THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

ONE morning (raw it was and wet,
 A foggy day in winter-time)
 A woman on the road I met,
 Not old, though something past her prime;
 Majestic in her person, tall and straight,
 And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead;
 Old times, thought I, are breathing there;



Proud was I that my country bred
Such strength, a dignity so fair.
She begged an alms, like one in poor estate.
I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,
With the first word I had to spare
I said to her, "Beneath your cloak
What's that which on your arms you bear?"
She answered, soon as she the question heard,
"A simple burden, sir,—a little singing-bird."

And thus continuing, she said,
 " I had a son, who many a day
Sailed on the seas : but he is dead ;
 In Denmark he was cast away ;
And I have travelled far as Hull, to see
What clothes he might have left, or other property.

 " The bird and cage they both were his ;
 'T was my son's bird ; and neat and trim
He kept it : many voyages
 His singing-bird hath gone with him.
When last he sailed he left the bird behind ;
As it might be, perhaps, from bodings of his mind.

 " He to a fellow-lodger's care
 Had left it to be watched and fed,
Till he came back again ; and there
 I found it when my son was dead ;
And now, God help me for my little wit !
I trail it with me, sir ! he took so much delight in it."

Wordsworth.







The Little Sister.

THE LITTLE SISTER.

Part I.

SUMMER.

MY sister raised me to the bed, my mother solemnly
Rested her hand upon my head, in silence. I could see
Her eyes were raised to heaven; at last she spoke, but
not to me,
“Poor child! thy Father yet will find a blessing left for
thee.”
Then turning unto Amy, said, “To thee, though yet so
young,
I leave a legacy of love.” The words upon her tongue
Failed, yet a look told all the rest, and Amy wept, and
clung
About her neck, and kissed her then so fondly and so
fast,
I only heard a murmured sound of blessing to the last.
And she was gone; yet surely then her spirit as it past
Breathed all its love on Amy’s soul, and lives in it
again,
For she has been the mother to me I lost, yet lost not
then!

And every one is kind to me, but sometimes they forget,
Because I have been ill so long, but Amy never yet
Forgot me, and I often think that seeing her so kind
Makes all the others kinder still, and keeps it in their
mind;

And oft she jests with me, and says, that still as we
begun,

Five years before me, all through life she will smooth
the path we run;

She thinks of me, let her ever be so busy or so gay,
And happy she must be that has so much to give away.
It seems as if her joyous heart took in a double share
Of all the gladness of the world, the more to have to
spare;

And every one is wanting her, that is their joy and
pride,

But still she says her happiest days are those that side
by side

We spend together. Far beneath the castle where we
dwell

Sinks deep, and low, and sudden down, a rocky, woody
dell;

It seems as if, by chasm rift, the earth had flung in
there,

In haste to fill the yawning gap, all goodly things and
rare,
For I never saw a place so wild, so lonely, or so fair,
I never heard the sweet birds sing so loud as they do
there,
Calling each other, morn and eve, across the narrow glen,
As if they sung "joy!" only "joy!" a hundred times
again ;
And all except their song is hushed : the wind, that
hath its will
O'er all without, can never find its way within the
Ghyll,
And only rocks the tall tree-tops, while all beneath is
still.
And there at evening lingeringly, the golden sunbeams
stray
All up and down the grassy slopes, and seem to lose
their way
Among the trees, till every bole is touched with ruddy
light,
And all the pebbles in the brook are flashing wet and
bright;
The brook that through the sultry day, with waters
clear and brown,



From rocky shelving ledge to ledge still slips and
gurgles down,
And chafes and murmurs round about broad burdock
leaves outspread,
And great stones slippery with moss that choke its
shingly bed,
Till every here and there awhile for quietness makes
stay
In dark, deep hollows of a hand that holds it on its way,
Where all things that are glossy smooth and moist, and
green and cool,
Drip from the overhanging rock and cluster round the
pool;
And forth from ev'ry crevice and cleft peep lovely
plants and rare,
As if they were some costly theft half-thrust for hiding
there,
That earth would keep unto herself because they are
so fair,
For never, save in such fairy nooks they flourish any-
where!

Not far from this a ferny bank uprises in the dell,

With thick dry heath o'ergrown, and moss that seems
to heave and swell
Unto the touch, and foxgloves wave o'er all with
crimson bell:
Here Amy has me brought, and here through half the
summer day
We sit and talk, or oftener dream the quiet hours
away;
And, lying in the shadow, mark the dark leaves glisten-
ing bright
Shoot up and flash in elfin spears and javelins of light,
Or listen to the wordless song, the story without end
That summer woods through all their leaves and fall-
ing waters send;
Till sometimes Amy will arise, and up and down the
brook
Flit light from stone to stone, and peer within each
leafy nook,
Or diving 'mid the boughs, awhile I see her not, but
hear
Her singing loud behind their screen to show me she
is near.
One day we marked some flowers that grew so high
upon *the rock*,

“They feel themselves so safe,” I said, “they look as if to mock
And shake their little heads at us.” “But I will tame their pride,
And take them in their very nest,” then Amy laughing cried;
And up the rock with light sure step she sprang, and ever higher
Kept clambering up the slippery stair, and held by bush and brier,
Until at last, the summit gained, she clapped her hands and flung
The flowers down to me, and stamped her little foot, and sung
Till all the woody vale awoke its echoes to prolong
The song that floated o’er its depths, the sweet and self-same song,
“Joy!” only “joy!” that all the birds had sung in it so long.
And singing all the way she came, once more she neared the ground,
But now with slower step; and ere she took her last *light bound*,

To stay herself a moment's space, she clasped a birchen
tree
That grew upon the rock, and waved her other hand
to me;
When she stopped singing all at once, and o'er her face
a look
Passed, as if then some sudden blame unto her heart
she took;
And when she reached me where I sat, she spoke not
for awhile,
But turned her head; and when again she raised her
eyes, the smile
Was only on her lip—I saw that all its glee was gone,
And when at last she spoke, 't was not of what she
thought upon.

And I made answer lightly too; but silent and untold
Was something drawn between us then that loosens
not its hold;
And oft I think within myself, Sweet sister, could you
see
This heart of mine that loves you so, you would never
grieve for me!

Part II.

WINTER.

When Amy was a child, our old fond nurse would say
that she
Was the fairest flower of the flock, best apple on the
tree;
And still as she grew up, at home we knew that she was
fair,
But seldom thought of it, because we saw her always
there;
So, when we came to town, almost it took us by sur-
prise
To learn how beautiful she was through other people's
eyes.
For all eyes turned to follow her, that still so little
guessed
The secret, that she oft has turned, unconscious, with
the rest,
To see what beauteous form drew near; for many,
bright and gay
Are there, yet none like Amy (so at least I hear them
say)

That move with such an untrained grace, and bear
upon their looks
The freshness of the breezes light, and sunny, singing
brooks;
As if the wild, free, harmless things by stream and
wood and hill,
That had her to themselves so long, played light about
her still.
It is, they say, as when you meet in crowded thorough-
fare,
Some sight or scent that o'er you brings a breath of
country air,
With the hay-fields and the corn-fields and the sweet-
ness only there.

I watch her from my window now, I look down through
the park,
To see her come in from her ride before the day grows
dark,
And she looks up to meet my eye and waves her hand
to me,
As when upon the slippery rock she held the birchen
tree,

And springs to earth as light and free as if her foot-
step fell
Still on the soft, dry, springing moss and purple heather-
bell!

We spend no days together now, because our present
lives
Are threads too far apart to meet, though Amy ever
strives
To knit them close where'er she may, and ever seeks
to twine
And weave with mine, as it runs on, a bright and silver
line.
At night I hear a quick, light step, and sudden in the
room
A flutter 'mid its quietness, a shining on its gloom :
She comes, all rustling silken soft, all floating warm
and bright,
And glimmers through the dusk in robes of gossamer
and light,
Like a swan that spreads its white full plumes upon the
breast of night;
She comes to ask me for her flowers, for none will
Amy wear

Unless I bind them on her breast, or twine them in
her hair;
And she says that nothing would go well, or please her
at the ball,
Without she has a kiss from me the last, last thing of all;
And still when she comes back again, while all is fresh
and new
Upon her mind, like fairy tales it is (but these are
true)
To hear of all that she has seen,—the wondrous things
and fair,
Until it sometimes seems to me that I myself was
there.
But still she ends, "Thou little one, I leave thee, yet I
find
Not one among them all I love like her I leave be-
hind!

"Not one I love so well as thee." But this was at the
first;
And then a change came over her: it seemed as if she
nursed
Some hidden thought; as folded close within the rose's
breast,

The sweetest, reddest leaf lies curled, and only to be
guessed
By the fragrance and the trembling light it sheds
through all the rest.
And kinder *she* could never grow, yet softer now I
deemed,
And graver, tenderer her smile; yet strange to me it
seemed
That gayer, brighter still she found each brilliant scene,
and well
She loved to go, yet nothing now was ever left to tell.
Upon a low seat by the fire she sat one night, and
leant
Her cheek upon her hand, and while her drooping
head she bent
To me, the warm light streamed around, and seemed
her brow to bless
With a sunny glory, and a crown of growing loveliness,
More bright than were the scarlet flowers that I was
wreathing then
About her hair, as light I laughed, and said, "No more
again
Will I take, Amy, all this pains to make thee gay and
fair,

That never bringest me a word of all that passes there
To pay me for my lovely flowers: make much of these,
and prize
This wreath, because it is the last." But then from
Amy's eyes
Her soul looked forth. "Yes, Annie! yet, perchance,
some future day
Thou wilt twine me yet another one, more sweet though
not so gay,"
And kissed me then because I wept, and whispered in
my ear,
"Well will he love my darling, else he had never been
so dear!"

I wept; but not, as Amy thought, in fear to lose her
love,
For I know that in the heart, as in the blessed home
above,
There is ever room that grows no less however many
share,—
There is room enough and love enough for all the
angels there!
I wept, but 'twas for joy, to think that now her heart
would find

A heart to answer hers again, and pay her back in
kind
For all the love that met me new with every dawning
day,
For all she gave, and gave untired; for all *I* could not
pay.
More blest to give than to receive, yet *both* are surely
blest,—
Long, long may Amy joy in both, to prove which is
the best.

Dora Greenwell.

THE SISTERLESS.

“**W**HEN will my sister come, dear nurse,
Oh! when will my sister come?
Will my sister *ever* come to me
To share my little room,
To sleep in my little bed at night,
And by my side to play?
Oh! now when summer is so bright
She should not stay away!



Why should I have no sister
When dear mamma has three ?
And if I had *one*, but only one,
How happy I should be !
O nurse, though you may think it wrong,
When aunts came here one day,
And talked to her so fast and long,
With so much to hear and say,
I cried when no one saw my face
As I sat upon her knee,

To think I should have no one, nurse,
To be so fond of me ;
When I was old like them, I thought,
How lonely I should be!"

"You should not think so, missie,
Or say such things to me,
For God can raise up friends for you
Wherever you may be.
Some children have no kind mothers,
Some lose their father too,
And some little girls have no brothers
To play with them, like you."

"But if I had a sister, nurse,
A little angel-child,
With golden hair and clear blue eyes,
So innocent and mild,
Oh ! I would take her in my arms,
And set her on my knee,
And you should see what a good sister,
What a kind one I should be ;
Then I would comb each shining curl,

And part them from her brow,
And tell her to be a dear good girl,
As you do to me now.
Then I would teach her little prayers,
And Bible stories tell,
And I think she would love me, dear nurse,
When I loved her so well!

“ But if she came in the winter, nurse,
We would wrap her up so warm,
That were it cold as Christmas-time
It should not do her harm.
If she should come in the winter,
When the ground with snow is white,
And the rime lays thick upon the pane,
And the stars shine out at night,
Then I and brothers would be glad,
And she should be *our* star;
And we would search within the woods,
Where the shining berries are,
And bring them in, with many a bough,
To make the nursery gay,
And, oh ! how happy we should be
To play with her all day!

And by the light of the fire, nurse,
You would tell us tales, you know,
Of dwarfs and giants fierce, that lived
With fairies, long ago;
And she would be *our* fairy, nurse,
So mirthful and so wise !
And we would talk to her, and she
Would answer with her eyes ;
And she would stretch her soft round arms
Unto us, with delight,
And stroke our faces with her hands
So waxen pure and white!
We would lay her in the cradle then
And rock her unto sleep,
And ere we went unto our beds,
To kiss her we would creep!

“ But if she came in the spring, dear nurse,
But if she came in the spring,
When the winds blow mild from the soft, warm south,
And the bird is on the wing :
If the wind would blow her unto us,
How happy should we be,
When the blossom hangs upon the flower,

And the bud upon the tree;
When the swallow comes across the sea,
And the lark is springing high,
As if he meant to sing his song
To angels in the sky!
And to each other the sweet birds
At early morning call;
But we should think *her* little voice
Was sweeter far than all!

“When the yellow palm is waving light,
And the larch is turning green,
And our orchard cherry shines in white
As if it were their queen;
When the blue violet in the grass
Hides deep, and does not know
How sweet she is, and as we pass
We find her hidden low;
And from the hedge the primrose looks
With pale and starry eye,
And in the fields and by the brooks
The golden kingcups lie;
Then as the days grew long, dear nurse,
Would we go forth every day,

The pleasant pasture lands among
Where the merry lambkins play;
There we would search about for flowers,
 Our little lamb to deck,
And weave upon her head a crown,
And chains around her neck,—
The purple orchis, with the vetch
And wood anemone;
But not a flower among them all
 Would be so fair as she!

“ But if she came in the summer, nurse,
 But if she came to-day,
She is the only thing we want,
 All looks so fresh and gay.
Now, when the summer sun rides high,
 And all is beautiful,
It seems so strange that only I
 Should feel alone and dull;
For brothers go across the hills,
 And ramble far away,
And I that cannot follow them
 Have no one left to play:
I sit upon the garden steps

And dream of many things,
And watch the dragon-fly flit past
On gauze of silver wings ;
The birds sing high above my head,
But I know not what they say,
And I wish your fairies had not gone,
Dear nurse, so far away ;

“ But if our baby were but here
Beside us in the shade,
I would not wish a fairy here,
Or green dwarf of the glade ;
For if they saw her angel face
There lying in your arms,
They would leave some changeling in her place,
All through their elfin charms ;
Yes ! they would take our baby dear
Through wicked spells away,
And we could not spare our little flower
To make their garden gay.

“ I would show her where with cool green leaf
The water-lilies float
With cup of pearl upon the stream,

A little magic boat.
I would take her where the foxgloves grow
So tall within the dell,
And every finger soft and white
Should wear a purple bell.
Where in the woods the arum springs,
And honeysuckles weave,
And the blue harebell gently rings
Its faint low chime at eve.
I would take her where the fields smell sweet
With fresh hay laid to dry:
The grasshopper beneath our feet
Were not more light than I;
The butterfly that skims in air
Were not more glad, more gay—
Oh, now that summer is so fair
She should not stay away!

“And if she came in autumn, nurse,—
It will be coming soon,—
If we looked the first upon her face
By the shining harvest moon,
Oh! it would fall upon her bed
In silver streams of light,

And weave a crown around her head
In lines of dazzling white.
Then as she lay the stars would peep
Down from the quiet skies,
And seem to watch her in her sleep
With gentle angel eyes.
If she should come in the autumn, nurse,
It takes so much away,
That it should bring her unto us
To cheer the shortening day;
When ripening on the sunny walls
We see the velvet peach,
And from the stalk the apple falls
To lie within our reach;
And filberts cluster overhead
And cones hang on the fir,
And on the bramble berries red
And ripe, that wait for *her*.
Then as we walk within the woods
No little bird will sing,
But in the brake the pheasant broods,
With rich and folded wing.
Within the broad and golden fields
The reapers toil all day,

5

Till heavily the laden wains
 Creak on their homeward way.
If *she* should come in autumn, nurse,
 The reaper's merry song,
As he bears the last well-ripened sheaf
 In harvest joy along,
Would not be half so glad as ours,
 Would not be half so gay.
If autumn brought her unto us,
 To cheer the shortening day,
We should not miss our birds and flowers,
 Nor wish them back again.
And she should never know, dear nurse,
 What it is to wish in vain,
Or feel what I have felt so long,
 On this and many a day.
O little sister, you do wrong
 To stay so long away!"

Dora Greenwell.





The Battle of Blenheim.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

IT was a summer's evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun ;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found.
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
" 'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory !

“ I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about ;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men,” said he,
“ Were slain in that great victory !”

“ Now, tell us what 't was all about,”
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
“ Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.”

“ It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“ Who put the French to rout ;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said,” quoth he,
“ That 't was a famous victory !

“ My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by :
They burned his dwelling to the ground,

And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“ With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide ;
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

“ They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun.
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“ Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene.”

“ Why, 't was a very wicked thing !”
Said little Wilhelmine.

“ Nay, nay, my little girl,” quoth he,

“ It was a famous victory !

“ And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.”
“ But what good came of it at last ?”
Quoth little Peterkin.
“ Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,
“ But ’t was a famous victory !”

Southey.



THE HAUNTED SPRING.

GAILY through the mountain glen
The hunter's horn did ring,
As the milk-white doe
Escaped his bow,
Down by the haunted spring.
In vain his silver horn he wound,—
'Twas echo answered back;
For neither groom nor baying hound
Were on the hunter's track :
In vain he sought the milk-white doe
That made him stray and 'scaped his bow,
For, save himself, no living thing
Was by the silent haunted spring.



The purple heath-bells, blooming fair,
Their fragrance round did fling,
As the hunter lay
At close of day,
Down by the haunted spring.
A lady fair, in robe of white,
To greet the hunter came;

She kissed a cup with jewels bright,
And pledged him by his name.
"O lady fair," the hunter cried,
"Be thou my love, my blooming bride,—
A bride that well might grace a king!
Fair lady of the haunted spring."

In the fountain clear she stooped,
And forth she drew a ring;
And that loved knight
His faith did plight
Down by the haunted spring.
But since that day his chase did stray,
The hunter n'er was seen,
And legends tell he now doth dwell
Within the hills so green;
But still the milk-white doe appears,
And wakes the peasants' evening fears,
While distant bugles faintly ring
Around the lonely haunted spring.

Loover.

THE DEATH OF MASTER TOMMY ROOK.

A PAIR of steady rooks
Chose the safest of all nooks,
In the hollow of a tree to build their home ;
And while they kept within
They did not care a pin
For any roving sportsman who might come.

Their family of five
Were all happy and alive ;
And Mrs. Rook was careful as could be,
To never let them out,
Till she looked all round about,
And saw that they might wander far and free.

She had talked to every one
Of the dangers of a gun,
And fondly begged that none of them would stir
To take a distant flight,
At morning, noon, or night,
Before they prudently asked leave of her.

But one fine sunny day,
Toward the end of May,
Young Tommy Rook began to scorn her power,
And said that he would fly
Into the field close by,
And walk among the daisies for an hour.

“Stop, stop !” she cried, alarmed,
“I see a man that’s armed,
And he will shoot you, sure as you are seen ;
Wait till he goes, and then,
Secure from guns and men,
We all will have a ramble on the green.”

But Master Tommy Rook,
With a very saucy look,
Perched on a twig, and plumed his jetty breast ;
Still talking all the while,
In a very pompous style,
Of doing just what he might like the best.

“I don’t care one bit,” said he,
“For any gun you see ;
I am tired of the cautions you bestow :



I mean to have my way,
Whatever you may say,
And shall not ask when I may stay or go."

"But, my son," the mother cried,
"I only wish to guide
Till you are wise and fit to go alone :
I have seen much more of life,

Of danger, woe, and strife,
Than you, my child, can possibly have known.

“Just wait ten minutes here,—
Let that man disappear ;
I am sure he means to do some evil thing ;
I fear you may be shot
If you leave this sheltered spot,
So pray come back, and keep beside my wing.”

But Master Tommy Rook
Gave another saucy look,
And chattered out, “Don’t care ! don’t care !
don’t care !”
And off he flew with glee,
From his brothers in the tree,
And lighted on the field so green and fair.

He hopped about, and found
All pleasant things around ;
He strutted through the daisies,—but, alas !
A loud shot—bang !—was heard,
And the wounded, silly bird
Rolled over, faint and dying, on the grass.

“ There, there, I told you so !”
Cried his mother in her woe,
“ I warned you with a parent’s thoughtful truth ;
And you see that I was right
When I tried to stop your flight,
And said you needed me to guide your youth.”

Poor Master Toomy Rook
Gave a melancholy look,
And cried, just as he drew his latest breath :
“ Forgive me, mother dear,
And let my brothers hear
That disobedience caused my cruel death.”

Now, when his lot was told,
The rooks, both young and old,
All said he should have done as he was bid,—
That he well deserved his fate ;
And I, who now relate
His hapless story, really think he did.

Elixa Cook.



Soon as ever I get in,
When my fagot down I fling,
Little prattlers they begin,
Teasing me to talk and sing.

Clare.

THE POOR OLD MAN.

SWEET mercy! how my very heart has bled
To see thee, poor old man! and thy grey hairs
Hoar with the snowy blast; while no one cares
To clothe thy shrivelled limbs and palsied head.
My father! throw away this tattered vest
That mocks thy shivering! take my garment—use
A young man's arm! I'll melt these frozen dews
That hang from thy white beard and numb thy breast.

My Sara, too, shall tend thee like a child;
And thou shalt talk, in our fire-side's recess,
Of purple pride that scowls on wretchedness.

HE did not so,—the Galilean mild,
Who met the lazars turned from rich men's doors,
And called them friends, and healed their noisome
sores.

Coleridge.



THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

NO stir in the air, no stir in the sea :
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeléd round,
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,—
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float:
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is, they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
"O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
And beat his breast in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
And the ship sinks down beneath the tide.

Southey.





THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately Homes of England!
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!
 Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
 Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
 Or childish tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
 Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!
 How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
 That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church bells' chime
 Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds in that still time,
 Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England!
 By thousands on her plains
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
 And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
 Each from its nook of leaves;

And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

Mrs. Hemans.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;



Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

Rogers.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blest,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise ;
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great Fleet Invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile;
At sunrise she escaped their van by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall ;

The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgumbe's lofty
hall;

Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many
a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff
comes;

Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound
the drums;

His yeomen round the market-cross make clear an
ample space,

For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her
Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the
bells,

As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon
swells.

Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies
down.

So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed
Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle
shield;

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to
bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely
hunters lay.
Ho ! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight : ho ! scatter
flowers, fair maids :
Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute : ho ! gallants, draw
your blades :
Thou sun, shine on her joyously—ye breezes, waft her
wide,
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massy fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty
scroll of gold ;
Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple
sea,—
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again
shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame
spread ;

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone ; it shone on
Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern
shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire :
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering
waves
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sun-
less caves :
O'er Longleat towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery
herald flew :
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers
of Beaulieu :
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from
Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on
Clifton Down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into the
night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of
blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like
silence broke,



And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city
woke.

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering
fires;

At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling
spires;

From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the
voice of fear,

And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a
louder cheer;

And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of
hurrying feet,

And the broad streams of flags and pikes dashed down
each roaring street ;

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still
the din,

As fast from every village round the horse came spur-
ring in ;

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike
errand went,

And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires
of Kent.

Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright
couriers forth;

High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started
for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded
still,—
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang
from hill to hill :
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's
rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of
Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest
of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the bound-
less plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide Vale
of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's em-
battled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of
Carlisle.

Lord Macaulay.



CORN-FIELDS.

IN the young merry time of spring,
When clover 'gins to burst;
When bluebells nod within the wood,
And sweet May whitens first;
When merle and mavis sing their fill,
Green is the young corn on the hill.

But when the merry spring is past,
And summer groweth bold,
And in the garden and the field

A thousand flowers unfold,
Before a green leaf yet is sere,
The young corn shoots into the ear.

But then as day and night succeed,
And summer weareth on,
And in the flowery garden-beds
The red rose groweth wan,
And hollyhock and sunflower tall
O'ertop the mossy garden wall;

When on the breath of autumn breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating, like an idle thought,
The fair white thistle-down;
Oh, then what joy to walk at will
Upon that golden harvest-hill!

* * * * *

O golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem!—
The reaper folk, the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream;
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there!

Mary Howitt.

THE PET LAMB.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink ;
I heard a voice : it said, " Drink, pretty creature,
drink !"

And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at its side.

No other sheep were near, the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone ;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening
meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears ; and his tail with
pleasure shook.

" Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said in such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty
rare !

I watched them with delight : they were a lovely pair.



The Pet Lamb.

Now with her empty can the maiden turned away ;
But, ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she
stay.

Towards the lamb she looked ; and from that shady
place
I, unobserved, could see the workings of her face :
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might
sing :—

“What ails thee, young one ? What ? Why pull so at
thy cord ?
Is it not well with thee ? well both for bed and board ?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be ;
Rest, little young one, rest : what is ’t that aileth thee ?

“What is it thou wouldst seek ? What is wanting to
thy heart ?
Thy limbs, are they not strong ? And beautiful thou
art :
This grass is tender grass ; these flowers they have no
peers ;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears \

“ If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen
chain,
This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain ;
For rain and mountain storms ! the like thou need’st
not fear—
The rain and storm are things which scarcely can come
here.

“ Rest, little young one, rest ; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away :
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by
none,
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

“ He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee
home :
A blessed day for thee ! Then whither wouldst thou
roam ?
A faithful nurse thou hast ; the dam that did thee yearn
Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have been.

“ Thou know’st that twice a day I have brought thee
in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran ;

And twice in the day when the ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is, and new.

“Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are
now,
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart, like a pony in the
plough;
My playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is
cold,
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy
fold.

“It will not, will not rest!—poor creature, can it be
That 't is thy mother's heart which is working so in
thee?
Things that I know not of, belike to thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see
nor hear.

“Alas! the mountain-tops, that look so green and fair!
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come
there;
The little brooks, that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky ;
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again!"

As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat ;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one-half of it was
mine.

Again, and once again did I repeat the song ;
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the *damsel* must
belong,
For she looked with such a look, and she spake with
such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own."

Wordsworth.





THE MAY QUEEN.

Part I.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New
Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, mer-
riest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so
bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caro-
line;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never
wake,
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to
break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and gar-
lands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,
But Robin, leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel
tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him
yesterday,—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted ; but I care not what they
say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be ;
They say his heart is breaking, mother,—what is that
to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'll woo me any summer day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the
Queen ;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come from far
away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy
bowers,

And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet
cuckoo-flowers,
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps
and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as
they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the live-long day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance and
play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear;

To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New
Year;
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest
day;
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be
Queen o' the May.

Part II.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

If you 're waking, call me early, call me early, mother
dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year:
It is the last New Year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no
more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set, and left behind
The good Old Year, the dear old time, and all my
peace of mind;



And the New Year's coming up, mother, but I shall
never see

The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers ; we had a merry
day :

Beneath the hawthorn on the Green they made me
Queen of May ;

And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel
copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white
chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills : the frost is on
the pane :
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again :
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on
high :
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er
the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering
grave.

Upon the chancel casement, and upon that grave of
mine,
In the early early morning the summer sun 'll shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world
is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the
waning light
You 'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;
When from the dry dark wood the summer airs blow
cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush
in the pool.

You 'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn
shade,
And you 'll come sometimes and see me where I am
lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother; I shall hear you when
you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant
grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you 'll forgive me
now;
You 'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and
brow;—
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild;
You should not fret for me, mother,—you have another
child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-
place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon
your face;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what
you say,
And be often, often with you, when you think I'm far
away.

Good night, good night. When I have said good night
for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the
door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be grow-
ing green:
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden tools upon the granary floor:
Let her take 'em: they are hers: I shall never garden
more:
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose bush
that I set
About the parlour window, and the box of mignonette.

Good night, sweet mother: call me before the day is
born.

All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year.
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother
dear.

Part III.

CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the
lamb.

How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's
here.

Oh, sweet is the new violet that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers
that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.



It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed
sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay; and yet His will
be done !
But still I think it can't be long before I find release ;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words
of peace.

Oh, blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair !
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me
there !

Oh, blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blessed him, as he knelt beside my
bed.

He showed me all the mercy, for he taught me all the
sin:
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One
will let me in:
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could
be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-
watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and
morning meet.
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in
mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March morning I heard the angels call:
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was
over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,

And in the wild March morning I heard them call my
soul.

For, lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here:
With all my strength I prayed for both, and so I felt
resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not
what was said,
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my
mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, “It’s not for them:
it’s mine.”
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a
sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-
bars,
Then seemed to go right up to heaven, and die among
the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to
go.

And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day;
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret:
There's many a worthier than I would make him happy
yet.

If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his
wife;

But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire
of life.

Oh look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a
glow;

He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I
know.

And there I move no longer now, and there his light
may shine—

Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

Oh, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day
is done

The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the
sun—

For ever and for ever with those just souls and true!
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we
such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home,
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come;
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your
breast,
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest.

Tennyson.

LOCHINVAR.

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west;
Through all the wide Border his steed was the
best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen, and brothers and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up :
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,



With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
“Now tread we a measure!” said young *Lochinvar*.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, “’Twere better by far
have matched our fair cousin with young *Lochinvar*.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger
stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby
clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee;
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Scott.





OLD DOBBIN.

HERE'S a song for old Dobbin, whose temper
and worth
Are too rare to be spurned on the score of his birth.
He's a creature of trust, and what more should we
heed?
'T is deeds, and not blood, make the man and the steed.

He was bred in the forest, and turned on the plain,
Where the thistle-burs clung to his fetlocks and mane.

All ugly and rough, not a soul could espy
The spark of good-nature that dwelt in his eye.

The summer had waned, and the autumn months rolled
Into those of stern winter, all dreary and cold;
But the north wind might whistle, the snow-flake might
dance—

The colt of the common was left to his chance.

Half-starved and half-frozen, the hail-storm would pelt
Till his shivering limbs told the pangs that he felt;
But we pitied the brute, and, though laughed at by all,
We filled him a manger and gave him a stall.

He was fond as a spaniel, and soon he became
The pride of the herd-boy, the pet of the dame.
'Tis well that his market price cannot be known;
But we christened him Dobbin, and called him our
own.

He grew out of colthood, and, lo! what a change!
The knowing ones said it was "mortally strange;"
For the foal of the forest, the colt of the waste,
Attracted the notice of jockeys of taste.

The line of his symmetry was not exact,
But his paces were clever, his mould was compact ;
And his shaggy thick coat now appeared with a gloss,
Shining out like the gold that's been purged of its dross.

We broke him for service, and tamely he wore
Girth and rein, seeming proud of the thralldom he bore;
Each farm, it is known, must possess an "odd" steed,
And Dobbin was ours, for all times and all need.

He carried the master to barter his grain,
And ever returned with him safely again :
There was merit in that, for—deny it who may—
When the master could *not*, Dobbin *could* find his way.

The dairy-maid ventured her eggs on his back,
'Twas him, and him only, she'd trust with the pack :
The team-horses jolted, the roadster played pranks ;
So Dobbin alone had her faith and her thanks.

We fun-loving urchins would group by his side :
We might fearlessly mount him, and daringly ride ;
We might creep through his legs, we might plait his
long tail,
But his temper and patience were ne'er known to fail.

We would brush his bright hide till 't was free from a speck;

We kissed his brown muzzle and hugged his thick neck:
Oh! we prized him like life, and a heart-breaking sob
Ever burst when they threatened to sell our dear Dob.

He stood to the collar, and tugged up the hill,
With the pigs to the market, the grist to the mill;
With saddle or halter, in shaft or in trace,
He was staunch to his work and content with his place.

When the hot sun was crowning the toil of the year,
He was sent to the reapers with ale and good cheer;
And none in the corn-field more welcome were seen
Than Dob and his well-laden panniers, I ween.

Oh! those days of pure bliss shall I ever forget
When we decked out his head with the azure rosette?
All frantic with joy to be off to the fair,
With Dobbin, good Dobbin, to carry us there?

He was dear to us all, ay, for many long years;—
But, mercy! how's this? my eye's filling with tears.
Oh, how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start
When memory plays an old tune on the heart!



There are drops on my cheek, there's a throb in my
breast,

But my song shall not cease, nor my pen take its rest,
Till I tell that old Dobbin still lives to be seen,
With his oats in the stable, his tares on the green.

His best years have gone by, and the master who gave
The stern yoke to his youth has enfranchised the slave;
So browse on, my old Dobbin, nor dream of the knife,
For the wealth of a king should not purchase thy life.

Eliza Cook.

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

SWEET to the morning traveller
The song amid the sky,
Where, twinkling in the dewy light,
The skylark soars on high.

And cheering to the traveller
The gales that round him play,
When faint and heavily he drags
Along his noontide way.



And when beneath th' unclouded sun
Full wearily toils he,
The flowing water makes to him
A soothing melody.

And when the evening light decays,
And all is calm around,

There is sweet music to his ear
In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

But, oh ! of all delightful sounds
Of evening or of morn,
The sweetest is the voice of love
That welcomes his return.

Southey.



THE DEATH OF COCK ROBIN AND
JENNY WREN.

'T WAS a cold autumn morning when Jenny
Wren died,
Cock Robin sat by for to see,
And when all was over he bitterly cried,
So kind and so loving was he.

He buried her under the little moss-heap
That lies at the foot of the yew,
And by day and by night he sat near her to weep,
Till his feathers were wet with the dew.

“O Jenny, I am tired of lingering here,
Through the dreary, dark days of November,
And I'm thinking of nothing but you, Jenny dear,
And your loving fond ways I remember.

“I think how you looked in your little brown suit,
When you said that you'd always be mine;
With your fan in your hand, how you glanced at the
fruit,
And said you liked cherries and wine !

“I think of the sweet merry days of the spring,
Of the nest that we built both together,
Of the dear little brood nestled under your wing,
And the joys of the warm summer weather.”

And as he lamented the rain did down pour
Till his body was wet through and through ;
And he sang, “Dearest Jenny, my sorrows are o'er,
And I'm coming, my true love, to you.”

So he gathered some brown leaves to lay by her
side,

And to pillow his poor weary head,

And sang, "Jenny, my lost one, my fond one, my bride,"
Till the gallant Cock Robin fell dead.

Gerda Fay.

THE POOR CHILD'S HYMN.

WE are poor and lowly born;
With the poor we bide;
Labour is our heritage,
Care and want beside.
What of this?—our blessed Lord
Was of lowly birth,
And poor toiling fishermen
Were His friends on earth!

We are ignorant and young,
Simple children all;
Gifted with but humble powers,
And of learning small.
What of this?—our blessed Lord
Loved such as we;
How He blessed the little ones
Sitting on His knee!

Mary Howitt.

FREDDIE AND THE CHERRY TREE.

FREDDIE saw some fine ripe cherries
Hanging on a cherry tree,
And he said, "You pretty cherries,
Will you not come down to me?"

"Thank you kindly," said a cherry,
"We would rather stay up here ;
If we ventured down this morning,
You would eat us up, I fear."

One, the finest of the cherries,
Dangled from a slender twig.
"You are beautiful," said Freddie,
"Red and ripe, and oh, how big !"

"Catch me," said the cherry, "catch me,
Little master, if you can."
"I would catch you soon," said Freddie,
"If I were a grown-up man."

*Freddie jumped, and tried to reach it,
Standing high upon his toes ;*



Freddy and the Cherry Tree.

1

But the cherry bobbed about,
And laughed, and tickled Freddie's nose.

"Never mind," said little Freddie,
"I shall have them when it's right."
But a blackbird whistled boldly,
"I shall eat them all to-night."

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night cloud had
lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track :
'T was autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to
part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart,

"Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn;"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Campbell.





THE OLD SOLDIER.

THE night comes on apace ;
Chill blows the blast, and drives the snow in wreaths.
Now every creature looks around for shelter ;
And whether man or beast, all move alike
Towards their homes, and happy they who have
A house to screen them from the piercing cold !

Lo! o'er the frost a reverend form advances,
His hair white as the snow on which he treads,
His forehead marked with many a careworn furrow ;
Whose feeble body, bending o'er a staff,
Shows still that once it was the seat of strength,
Though now it shakes like some old ruined tower.
Clothed indeed, but not disgraced, with rags,
He still maintains that decent dignity
Which well becomes those who have served their
country.

With tottering steps he gains the cottage door :
The wife within, who hears his hollow cough,
And pattering of the stick upon the threshold,
Sends out her little boy to see who's there.
The child looks up to mark the stranger's face,
And seeing it enlightened with a smile,
Holds out his tiny hand to lead him in.
Round from her work the mother turns her head,
And views them, not ill pleased.
The stranger whines not with a piteous tale,
But only asks a little to relieve
A poor old soldier's wants.
The gentle matron brings the ready chair,
And bids him sit to rest his weary limbs,

And warm himself before her blazing fire.
The children, full of curiosity,
Flock round, and with their fingers in their mouths,
Stand staring at him ; while the stranger, pleased,
Takes up the youngest urchin on his knee.
Proud of its seat, it wags its little feet,
And prates and laughs, and plays with his white locks.
But soon a change comes o'er the soldier's face ;
His thoughtful mind is turned on other days,
When his own boys were wont to play around him,
Who now lie distant from their native land
In honourable but untimely graves ;
He feels how helpless and forlorn he is,
And big round tears course down his withered cheeks.
His toilsome daily labour at an end,
In comes the wearied master of the house,
And marks with satisfaction his old guest
In the chief seat, with all the children round him ;
His honest heart is filled with manly kindness,—
He bids him stay and share their homely meal,
And take with them his quarters for the night.
The aged wanderer thankfully accepts,
And by the simple hospitable board
Forgets the by-past hardships of the day.

Thomas Ballis.

THE POPPY.

HIGH on a bright and sunny bed
A scarlet poppy grew;
And up it held its staring head,
And thrust it full in view.

Yet no attention did it win
By all these efforts made,
And less unwelcome had it been
In some retired shade.

For though within its scarlet breast
No sweet perfume was found,
It seemed to think itself the best
Of all the flowers around.

From this may I a hint obtain,
And take great care indeed,
Lest I appear as pert and vain
As is this gaudy weed.

Jane Taylor.

THE VIOLET.

DOWN in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colours bright and fair !
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed ;
And there diffused its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

Jane Taylor.

PUSSY-CAT.

PUSSY-CAT lives in the servants' hall,
She can set up her back, and purr :
The little mice live in a crack in the wall,
But they hardly dare venture to stir ;

For whenever they think of taking the air,
Or filling their little maws,
The pussy-cat says, " Come out, if you dare ;
I will catch you all with my claws."

Scrabble, scrabble, scrabble! went all the little mice,
For they smelt the Cheshire cheese ;
The pussy-cat said, " It smells very nice,
Now *do* come out, if you please."

* " Squeak!" said the little mouse. " Squeak, squeak,
squeak!"

Said all the young ones too ,
" We never creep out when cats are about,
Because we're afraid of you."

So the cunning old cat lay down on a mat
By the fire in the servants' hall :
" If the little mice peep they 'll think I 'm asleep ;"
So she rolled herself up like a ball.

" Squeak !" said the little mouse, " we 'll creep out
And eat some Cheshire cheese :
That silly old cat is asleep on the mat,
And we may sup at our ease."

Nibble, nibble, nibble! went all the little mice,
And they licked their little paws ;
Then the cunning old cat sprang up from the mat,
And caught them all with her claws.

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No! no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all,
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small birds' grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,—

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all;
He becomes an Infant small;
He becomes a Man of woe ;
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not nigh;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh! He gives to us His joy,
That our griefs He may destroy;
Till our grief is fled and gone,
He doth sit by us and mourn.

Blake.

LORD WILLIAM AND EDMUND.

NO eye beheld when William plunged
Young Edmund in the stream;
No human ear but William's heard
Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive, all the vassals owned
The murderer for their lord ;
And he, the rightful heir, possessed
The House of Erlingford ;

But never could Lord William dare
To gaze on Severn's stream ;
In every wind that swept its waves,
He heard young Edmund scream !

In vain, at midnight's silent hour,
Sleep closed the murderer's eyes ;
In every dream the murderer saw
Young Edmund's form arise.

Each hour was tedious long, yet swift
The months appeared to roll ;
And now the day returned, that shook
With terror William's soul.

A fearful day was that ! the rains
Fell fast, with tempest roar,
And the swoln tide of Severn spread
Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,
In vain he quaffed the bowl,
And strove, with noisy mirth, to drown
The anguish of his soul.

The tempest, as its sudden swell
In gusty howlings came,
With cold and death-like feelings seemed
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant, now, as night came on,
His lonely couch he prest;
And, wearied out, he sank to sleep,
To sleep—but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,
Lord Edmund, seemed to stand—
Such, and so pale, as when in death
He grasped his brother's hand.

“I bade thee with a father's love
My orphan Edmund guard:
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge!
Now take thy due reward.”

He started up, each limb convulsed
With agonizing fear—
He only heard the storm of night—
'T was music to his ear.

When, lo! the voice of loud alarm
His inmost soul appals—
“What, ho! Lord William, rise in haste!
The water saps thy walls!”

He rose in haste—beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear;
It hemmed him round—'twas midnight now—
No human aid was near.

He heard the shout of joy! for now
A boat approached the wall;
And eager to the welcome aid
They crowd for safety all.

“My boat is small,” the boatman cried,
“’T will bear but one away;
Come in, Lord William, and do ye
In God’s protection stay.”



The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the stream;
Sudden Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's dying scream!

The boatman paused—"Methought I heard
A child's distressful cry!"
"'Twas but the howling winds of night,"
Lord William made reply.

“Haste, haste! ply swift and strong the oar,
Haste! haste across the stream!”
Again Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund’s drowning scream

“I heard a child’s distressful scream,”
The boatman cried again.
“Nay, hasten on—the night is dark,
And we should search in vain.”

“Oh, God! Lord William, dost thou know
How dreadful ’t is to die?
And canst thou, without pity, hear
A child’s expiring cry?

“How horrible it is to sink
Beneath the chilly stream!
To stretch the powerless arms in vain!
In vain for help to scream!”

The shriek again was heard: it came
More deep, more piercing loud.
*That instant, o’er the flood, the moon
Shone through a broken cloud;*

And near them they beheld a child ;
 Upon a crag he stood,
A little crag, and all around
 Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
 Approached his resting-place ;
The moonbeam shone upon the child,
 And showed how pale his face.

“ Now reach thy hand,” the boatman cried,
 “ Lord William, reach and save ! ”
The child stretched forth his little hands
 To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shrieked—the hand he touched
 Was cold, and damp, and dead ;
He felt young Edmund in his arms,
 A heavier weight than lead !

“ Help ! help ! for mercy, help ! ” he cried,
 “ The waters round me flow.”
“ No, William—to an infant’s cries
 No mercy didst thou show.”

The boat sank down—the murderer sank
Beneath the avenging stream;
He rose—he screamed—no human ear
Heard William's drowning scream.

Southey.



THE COTTAGER'S DOMESTIC HEARTH.

GO with the cotter to his winter fire,
Where o'er the moors the loud blast whistles
shrill,
And the hoarse ban-dog bays the icy moon,
Mark with what awe he lists the wild uproar,
Silent, and big with thought; and hear him bless
The God that rides on the tempestuous clouds,
For his snug hearth, and all its little joys.
Hear him compare his happier lot with his
Who bends his way across the wintry wolds,
A poor night traveller, while the dismal snow
Beats in his face, and, dubious of his path,
He stops, and thinks, in every lengthening blast,
He hears some village mastiff's distant howl,

And sees, far streaming, some lone cottage light;
Then, undeceived, upturns his streaming eyes,
And clasps his shivering hands; or, overpowered,
Sinks on the frozen ground, weighed down with sleep
From which the hapless wretch shall never wake.

Kirke White.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.



THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade !
Charge for the guns !” he said :
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered :
Their’s not to make reply,
Their’s not to reason why,
Their’s but to do and die!
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while

All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back,—but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred!

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.

Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred !

Tennyson.

THE SHEPHERD'S HOME.

MY banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains are bordered with moss,
Where the harebells and violets blow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green
But a sweetbriar entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;

Not a brook that is limpid and clear
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have laboured to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire
But I hastened and planted it there.
Oh, how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From the thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me such plunder forbear,—

She will say 't was a barbarous deed;
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
Who would rob a poor bird of its young;
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she called it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Shenstone.



TO MY MOTHER.

AND canst thou, mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,

Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his bright sphere shall sink,
 Than we ungrateful leave thee in that day,
 To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought!—where'er our steps may roam,
 O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
 Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

Kirke White.

THE FAIRY'S SONG.

OVER hill, over dale,
 Through bush, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
 Through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see,—
These be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Shakespeare.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

AT a short distance from the village stood,
Half in the shelter of an arching wood,
The old time-honoured church, antique and gray,
Touched by th' unsparing finger of decay;
But still so gently touched as if it feared
To spoil the building ages had revered.
With ivy crowned, it raised its ancient head
Above the peaceful mansions of the dead;

And while the steeple clock still told the tale
Of how th' appointed years of manhood fail,
Its humble spire, uplifted to the skies,
Directed still the heart of man to rise
To those eternal mansions of the blest
Where weary souls at last find peace and rest.

Mary Burrows.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

NOW, he who knows old Christmas,
He knows a carle of worth;
For he is as good a fellow
As any upon the earth.

He comes warm-cloaked and coated
And buttoned up to the chin:
And soon as he comes a-nigh the door,
We open and let him in.

We know that he will not fail us,
So we sweep the hearth up clean;



We set him the old armed-chair,
And a cushion whereon to lean.

And with sprigs of holly and ivy
We make the house look gay,
Just out of an old regard to him,—
For 't was his ancient way.

We broach the strong ale-barrel,
And bring out wine and meat;
And thus we have all things ready,
Our dear old friend to greet.

And soon as the time wears round,
The good old carle we see,
Coming a-near—for a creditor
Less punctual is than he!

He comes with a cordial voice
That does one good to hear;
He shakes one heartily by the hand,
As he hath done many a year.

And after the little children
He asks in a cheerful tone,
Jack, Kate, and little Annie,—
He remembers them every one!

What a fine old fellow he is!
With his faculties all as clear,
And his heart as warm and light
As a man's in his fortieth year!

What a fine old fellow, in troth!
Not one of your griping elves,
Who, with plenty of money to spare,
Think only about themselves.

Not he! for he loveth the children,
And holiday begs for all;
And comes with his pockets full of gifts
For the great ones and the small.

With a present for every servant,—
For in giving he doth not tire,—
From the red-faced, jovial butler,
To the girl by the kitchen fire.

And he tells us witty old stories,
And singeth with might and main;
And we talk of the old man's visit
Till the day that he comes again.

Oh! he is a kind old fellow;
For though the beef be dear,
He giveth the parish paupers
A good dinner once a year!

And all the workhouse children
He sets them down in a row,
And giveth them rare plum pudding,
And twopence a-piece also.

Oh, could you have seen those paupers,
Have heard those children young,
You would wish with them that Christmas
Came often and tarried long!

He must be a rich old fellow,—
What money he gives away!
There is not a lord in England
Could equal him any day!

Good luck unto old Christmas,
And long life, let us sing,
For he doth more good unto the poor
Than many a crownéd king!

Mary Howitt.



THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

NOW ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.

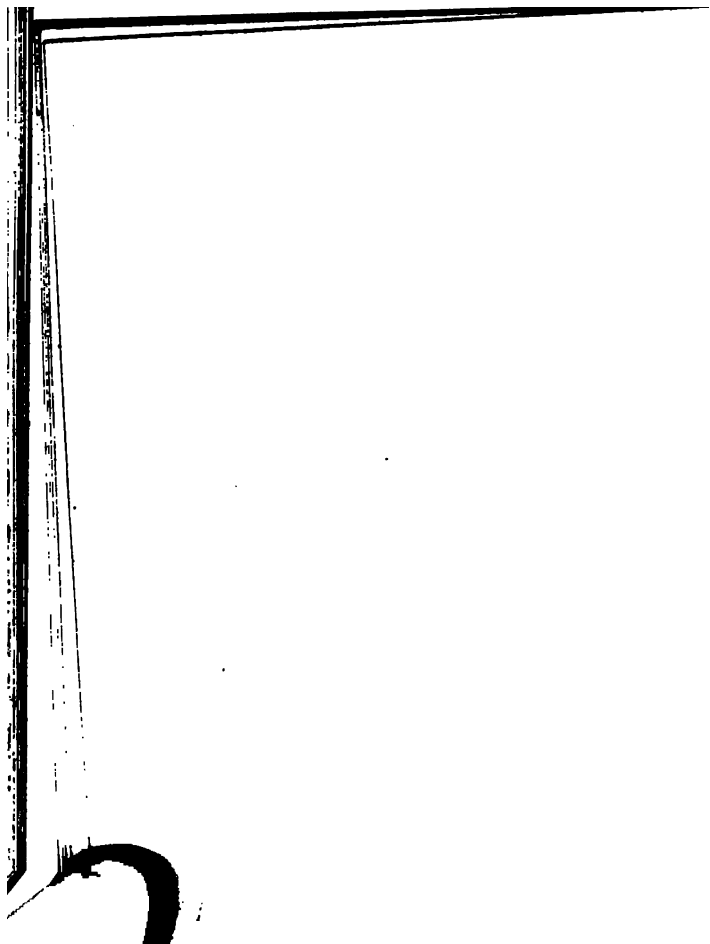
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possessed one grave.

No love between these two was lost,—
Each was to other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind:



The Children in the Wood.



The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old;
The other a girl more young than he,
And made in beauty's mould.

The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane
Two hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controlled.

But if the children chanced to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth,
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here.

"To God and you I do commend
My children night and day:
A little while be sure we have
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone."

With that bespake their mother dear,
"O brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring my babes
To wealth or miserie:

"If you do keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deeds regard."

With lips as cold as any stone
They kissed the children small:
"God bless you both, my children dear!"
With that the tears did fall

These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sick couple there:
“The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, do not fear.

“God never prosper me or mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave.”

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them both unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.

He had not kept those pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in a wood.

He told his wife, and all he knew,
He would the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went the pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind
They should on cock-horse ride.

They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they ride on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay :

So that the pretty speech they had
Made murderers' hearts relent ;
And they that took the deed to do,
Full sore they did repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life.

And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,
Where babes did quake for fear!

He took the children by the hand,
When tears stood in their eye,
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not cry.

And two long miles he led them thus,
While they for bread complain :
"Stay here," quoth he ; "I'll bring ye bread
When I do come again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down ;
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town.

Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these two pretty babes
Till death did end their grief,
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief.

No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell ;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,—
His conscience felt a hell.

His barns were fired, his goods consumed ;
His lands were barren made ;
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him stayed ;

And in the voyage to Portugal
Two of his sons did die ;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
Unto much miserie :

He pawned and mortgaged all his land,
Ere seven years came about.
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out :

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to die,
As was God's blessed will ;

Who did confess the very truth,
The which is here exprest :
The uncle died while he for debt
Did long in prison rest.

All you that be executors,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek,

Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with suchlike misery
Your wicked minds requite.

Old Ballad.

BUSY BEE.

HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower !

How skilfully she builds her cell !
How neat she spreads the wax !
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes

In works of labour or of skill
I would be busy too ;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past ;
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

Watts.

THE BLIND CHILD.

WHERE's the blind child, so admirably fair,
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair
That waves in ev'ry breeze? He's often seen
Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,
With others matched in spirit and in size,
Health on their cheeks, and rapture in their eyes.
That full expanse of voice to childhood dear
Soul of their sports, is duly cherished here:
And, hark! that laugh is his, that jovial cry;—
He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,
And runs the giddy course with all his might,
A very child in everything but sight.
With circumscribed, but not abated powers,
Play, the great object of his infant hours ;



In many a game he takes a noisy part,
And shows the native gladness of his heart;
But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
The new suggestion and the quick assent;
The grove invites, delight fills every breast.
To leap the ditch, and seek the downy nest,
Away they start; leave balls and hoops behind,
And one companion leave.—The boy is blind!
His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,
That childish fortitude awhile gives way.

He feels his dreadful loss;—yet short the pain
Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again.
Pondering how best his moments to employ,
He sings his little songs of nameless joy;
Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,
And plucks by chance the white and yellow flower:
Smoothing their stems, while resting on his knees,
He binds a nosegay which he never sees;
Along the homeward path then feels his way,
Lifting his brow against the shining day,
And with a playful rapture round his eyes,
Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

Bloomfield.

BEAUTIES IN NATURE.

THERE's beauty in the summer's eve,
When flowers their petals fold,
When eastern skies are wrapped in gloom,
And western clouds in gold.

There's beauty in the brilliant stars
That gem the purple sky,

As dance their image on the brook
That slowly ripples by.

There's beauty in the mighty storm
Along the sea-girt shore,
When heave the rolling billows high
And pealing thunders roar.

There's beauty in deep solitude,
In ocean, earth, and air;
On mountain peak, in shady grove;
Creation all is fair.

There's beauty in the song of birds,
On spray or greening sod:
In ev'ry clime, from pole to pole,
These beauties tell of God.

Stenson.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

U^NDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,

And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Shakespeare.

THE BETTER LAND.

“I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?—
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?

Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies dance through the myrtle boughs?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy!
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;

Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

Mrs. Hemans.



HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy!

The combat deepens. On, ye brave
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

Campbell.



GOD SPARE MY BOY AT SEA!

HOW wild without is the moaning night!
And the waves race in, how fierce and
white!

But white as the waves is she.
To the window that looks to sea she steals,
And there, as she hears the thunder's peals,
And the lightning shows the sea,
How wild is that trembling mother's prayer!

' O Heaven, my child in mercy spare !
O God, where'er he be,
O God ! my God ! in pity spare
My boy to-night at sea !"

Hark ! tossing and tumbling, white as snow,
How the billows roar on the rocks below !
But white as their foam is she ;
And, oh ! how sick is that mother's heart !
How those cries to God from her poor lips start,
As she looks o'er the raging sea !
God ! in Thy mercy, hear her prayer !
O Heaven ! her child in mercy spare !
O God ! where'er he be,
For her poor sake, in pity spare
Her boy to-night at sea.

Bennett.

THE TURTLE-DOVE'S NEST.

VERY high in the pine tree,
The little turtle-dove
Made a prett little nursery,
To please her little love.



She was gentle, she was soft,
And her large dark eye
Often turned to her mate,
Who was sitting close by.

“Coo,” said the turtle-dove ;
“Coo,” said she.
“Oh, I love thee,” said the turtle-dove ;
“And I love *thee*.”

In the long shady branches
Of the dark pine tree,
How happy were the doves
In their little nursery !

The young turtle-doves
Never quarrelled in the nest ;
For they dearly loved each other,
Though they loved their mother best.
“Coo,” said the little doves ;
“Coo,” said she.
And they played together kindly
In the dark pine tree.

Is this nursery of yours,
Little sister, little brother,
Like the turtle-dove's nest—
Do you love one another ?
Are you kind, are you gentle,
As children ought to be ?
Then the happiest of nests
Is your own nursery.

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.



THE LENT JEWELS.

IN schools of wisdom all the day was spent,
His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward went,
With homeward thoughts, which dwelt upon the wife
And two fair children who consoled his life.
She, meeting at the threshold, led him in,
And with these words preventing, did begin:
"Ever rejoicing at your wished return,
Yet am I most so now; for since this morn
I have been much perplexed and sorely tried
Upon one point, which you shall now decide.
Some years ago a friend unto my care
Some jewels gave,—rich, precious gems they were;
But having given them in my charge, this friend
Did afterward nor come for them nor send,
But left them in my keeping for so long,
That now it almost seems to me a wrong
That he should suddenly arrive to-day
To take those jewels, which he left, away.
What think you? Shall I freely yield them back,
And with no murmuring?—so henceforth to lack
Those gems myself which I had learned to see
Almost as mine for ever, mine in fee."

"What question can be here? Your own true heart
Must needs advise you of the only part.
That may be claimed again which was but lent,
And should be yielded with no discontent.
Nor surely can we find herein a wrong,
That it was left us to enjoy so long."

"Good is the word," she answered; "may we now
And evermore that it is good allow!"
And, rising, to an inner chamber led,
And there she showed him, stretched upon one bed,
Two children pale; and he the jewels knew,
Which God had lent him, and resumed anew.

Trench.

THE DAISY.

ON FINDING ONE IN BLOOM ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honours yield,—
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moon and stars their courses run
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on its way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale;

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed,
And blooms in consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem;
The wild bee murmurs on its breast;
The blue fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page;—in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

James Montgomery.

THE PRISONER TO A ROBIN WHO CAME
TO HIS WINDOW.

WELCOME! welcome, little stranger!
Welcome to my lone retreat!
Here, secure from every danger,

Hop about, and chirp, and eat.
Robin ! how I envy thee,
Happy child of liberty !

Hunger never shall distress thee
While my meals one crumb afford ;
Colds and cramps shall ne'er oppress thee,
Come and share my humble board :
Robin, come and live with me ;
Live, yet still at liberty.

Soon shall spring, with smiles and blushes,
Steal upon the blooming year ;
Then, amid the verdant bushes,
Thy sweet song shall warble clear ;
Then shall I too, joined with thee,
Taste the sweets of liberty.

Should some rough, unfeeling Dobbin,
In this iron-hearted age,
Seize thee on thy nest, my Robin,
And confine thee in a cage ;
Then poor Robin, think of me,
Think—and sigh for liberty.

Liberty! thou brightest treasure
In the crown of earthly joys!
Source of gladness! soul of pleasure!
All delights besides are toys:
None but prisoners like me
Know the worth of liberty.

James Montgomery.



THE ANT.—INDUSTRY.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
Without our regard or concern;
Yet as wise as we are, if sent to their school,
There's many a sluggard and many a fool
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores;
They manage their work in such regular forms,

One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the
storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time;
When death and old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime !

Now, now while my strength and my youth are in
bloom,
Let me think what shall save me when sickness shall
come,
And pray that my sins be forgiven.
Let me read in good books, and believe and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

Watts.



TO A BUTTERFLY.

I 'VE watched you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower !
And, little butterfly, indeed,
I know not if you sleep or feed.

How motionless!—not frozen seas
More motionless ; and then,
What joy awaits you when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again !

This plot of orchard ground is ours,
My trees they are, my sister's flowers ;
Here rest your wings when they are weary,
Here lodge as in a sanctuary !

Come to us often, fear no wrong ;
Sit near us on the bough !
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days when we were young ;
Sweet childish days that were as long
As twenty days are now.

Wordsworth.





The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green.

THE BLIND BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER
OF BETHNAL GREEN.

Part I.

IT was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a fair daughter most pleasant and bright;
And many a gallant brave suitor had she,
For none was so comely as pretty Bessie.

And though she was of favour most fair,
Yet, seeing she was but a poor beggar's heir,
Of ancient housekeepers despised was she,
Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessie.

Wherefore in great sorrow fair Bessie did say,
"Good father and mother, let me go away
To seek out my fortune, wherever it be."
The suit they then granted to pretty Bessie.

Then Bessie, that was of beauty so bright,
All clad in grey russet, and late in the night,
From father and mother alone parted she,
Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessie.

She went till she came to Stratford-le-Bow,
Then knew she not whither nor which way to go :
With tears she lamented her hard destinié,
So sad and so heavy was pretty Bessie.

She kept on her journey until it was day,
And went into Romford along the highway,
Where at the "Queen's Arms" entertained was she,
So fair and well-favoured was pretty Bessie.

She had not been there one month to an end,
But master and mistress and all was her friend ;
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
Was straightway in love with pretty Bessie.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daily her love was extolled ;
Her beauty was blazoned in every degree,
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessie.

The young men of Romford in her had their joy :
She showed herself courteous, but never too coy ;
And at their commandment still would she be,
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessie.

Four suitors at once unto her did go;
They cravéd her favour, but still she said, "No;
I would not wish gentles to marry with me."
Yet ever they honoured pretty Bessie.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguised in the night;
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for pretty Bessie.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
Was then the third suitor, and proper withal,
Her master's own son the fourth man must be,
Who swore he would die for pretty Bessie.

"And if thou wilt marry with me," quoth the knight,
"I'll make thee a lady with joy and delight,
My heart's so enthralled by thy fair beautié;
'Then grant me thy favour, my pretty Bessie."

The gentleman said, "Come, marry with me,—
In silks and in velvets my Bessie shall be.
My heart lives distressed,—oh, hear me!" quoth he,
"And grant me thy love, my pretty Bessie."

"Let me be thy husband," the merchant did say,
"Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay :
My ships shall bring home rich jewels for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Bessie."

Then Bessie she sighed, and thus she did say,
"My father and mother I mean to obey :
First get their goodwill, and be faithful to me,
And you shall then marry your pretty Bessie."

To every one this answer she made,
Wherefore unto her they joyfully said,
"This thing to fulfil we all do agree,
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessie?"

"My father," quoth she, "is plain to be seen,
The silly blind beggar of Bethnal Green,
That daily sits begging for charitié,
He is the good father of pretty Bessie."

"His marks and his tokens are known full well,—
He always is led with a dog and a bell ;
A silly old man, God knoweth, is he,
Yet he is the father of pretty Bessie."

"Nay then," quoth the merchant, "thou art not for me;"
"Nor," quoth the innholder, "my wife shalt not be;"
"I loathe," said the gentle, "a beggar's degree,
And therefore adieu, my pretty Bessie."

"Why, then," quoth the knight, "hap better or worse,
I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse,
And beauty is beauty in every degree;
Then welcome to me, my pretty Bessie.

"With thee to thy father forthwith will I go."
"Nay, soft," quoth his kinsmen, "it must not be so;
A poor beggar's daughter no lady shall be;
Then take thy adieu of pretty Bessie."

But soon after this, by break of the day,
The knight had from Romford stole Bessie away.
The young men of Romford, so sick as may be,
Rode after, to fetch again pretty Bessie.

As swift as the wind to ride they were seen,
Until they came near unto Bethnal Green;
And as the knight 'lighted most courteously,
They all fought against him for pretty Bessie.

But rescue came presently over the plain,
Or else the knight there for his love had been slain.
This fray being ended, then straight he did see
His kinsmen come railing at pretty Bessie.

Then spake the blind beggar, "Although I be poor,
Yet rail not against my child at my own door;
Though she be not decked in velvet and pearl,
Yet will I drop *angels* with you for my girl.

"And then, if my gold will better her worth,
And equal the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neither rail nor grudge you to see
The blind beggar's daughter a lady to be.

"But first I will hear, and have it well known,
The gold that you drop shall be all your own."
With that they replied, "Contented we be."
"Then here's," quoth the beggar, "for pretty Bessie."

With that an *angel* he cast on the ground,
And dropped in *angels* full three thousand pound;
And oftentimes it was proved most plain,
For the gentleman's one the beggar dropped twain;



So as the place wherein they did sit
With gold it was covered every whit:
The gentleman then, having dropped all his store,
Said, "Now, beggar, hold, for I have no more.

"Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright."
"Then marry," quoth he, "my girl to the knight.

And here," quoth he, "I will now throw you down
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gown."

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seen,
Admired the beggar of Bethnal Green;
And those that were her suitors before,
Their flesh for very anger they tore.

Thus was their Bessie matched to a knight,
And made a lady in others' despite:
A fairer lady there never was seen
Than the blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal Green.

But of her sumptuous marriage and feast,
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
The second part shall set forth to your sight,
With marvellous pleasure and wished delight.

Part II.

Of a blind beggar's daughter most fair and bright,
That late was betrothed unto a young knight,
All the discourse thereof you may see;
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessie.

Within a gallant palace most brave,
Adornéd with all the cost they could have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslié,
And all for the love of the pretty Bessie.

All kind of dainties and delicates sweet
Were brought to their banquet, as it was thought meet,
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessie.

This wedding through England was spread by report,
So that a great number did thither resort
Of nobles and gentles in every degree,
And all for the fame of pretty Bessie.

To church then went this gallant young knight;
His bride followed after, a lady most bright,

With troops of fair ladies, the like ne'er was seen
As went with sweet Bessie of Bethnal Green.

This marriage being solemnized then,
With music performed by the skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentles sat down at that tide,
Each one beholding the beautiful bride.

But after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talk and to reason a number begun,—
To talk of the blind beggar's daughter most brig
And what with his daughter he gave to the knigh

Then spoke the nobles, "Much marvel have we,
The jolly blind beggar we cannot here see."
"My lords," quoth the bride, "my father's so base
He is loth with his presence this state to disgrace

"The praise of a woman in question to bring,
Before her own face, were a flattering thing;
Yet we think thy father's baseness," quoth they,
"Might by thy beauty be clean put away."

They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,
But in comes the beggar, clad in a silk cloak;



A fair velvet cap and a feather had he,
And now a musician, forsooth, he would be.

He had a dainty lute under his arm,
He touched the strings, which made such a charm,
Said, "Please you to hear any music of me,
A song I will sing you of pretty Bessie."

With that his lute he twanged straightway,
And thereon began most sweetly to play;
And after that lessons were played two or three,
He strained out this song most delicatehè:

"A poor beggar's daughter did dwell on a green,
Who for her beauty might well be a queen;
A blithe bonny lass, and dainty, was she,
And many one called her the pretty Bessie.

"Her father he had no goods and no lands,
But begged for a penny all day with his hands;
And yet for her marriage he gave thousands three,
And still he had somewhat for pretty Bessie.

"And if any one her birth do disdain,
Her father is ready, with might and with main,
To prove she is come of a noble degree;
Therefore let none flout at my pretty Bessie."

With that the lords and company round
With hearty laughter were ready to swoond:
At last said the lords, "Full well me may see
The bride and the beggar's beholden to thee."

With that the bride all blushing did rise,
With the fair water all in her bright eyes:
"Pardon my father, grave nobles," quoth she,
"*That through blind affection thus doteth on me.*"

"If this be thy father," the nobles did say,
"Well may he be proud of this happy day;
Yet by his countenance well may we see
His birth with his fortune did never agree.

"And therefore, blind beggar, we pray thee bewray,
(And look that the truth to us thou do say)
Thy birth and thy parentage, what it may be,
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessie."

"Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
A song more to sing, and then I'll begone,
And if that I do not win your good report,
Then do not give me a groat for my sport.

"Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shall be:
Once chief of all the great barons was he,
Yet fortune so cruel this lord did abase,
Now lost and forgotten are he and his race.

"When the barons in arms did King Henry oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose:
A leader of courage undaunted was he,
And ofttimes he made their enemies flee.

“At length in the battle on Evesham Plain
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slain.
Most fatal that battle did prove unto thee,
Though thou wast not born then, my pretty Bessie.

“Along with the nobles that fell at that tide,
His eldest son Henry, who fought at his side,
Was felled by a blow he received in the fight—
A blow that deprived him for ever of sight.

“Among the dead bodies all lifeless he lay
Till evening drew on of the following day,
When by a young lady discovered was he,
And this was thy mother, my pretty Bessie.

“A baron's fair daughter stepped forth in the night,
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing young Montfort, where gasping he lay,
Was movéd with pity, and brought him away.

“In secret she nursed him, and 'suagéd his pain,
While he through the realm was believed to be slain;
At length his fair bride she consented to be,
And made him glad father of pretty Bessie.

“And now lest our foes our lives should betray,
We clothéd ourselves in beggars’ array;
Her jewels she sold, and hither came we:
All our comfort and care was our pretty Bessie.

“And here have we lived in fortune’s despite,
Though poor, yet contented with humble delight;
For full forty winters thus have I been
A silly blind beggar of Bethnal Green.

“And here, noble lords, is ended the song
Of one that once to your own rank did belong;
And thus have you learned a secret from me,
That ne’er had been known but for pretty Bessie.”

Now, when the fair company every one
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had shown,
They all were amazed, as well they might be,
Both at the blind beggar and pretty Bessie.

With that the fair bride they all did embrace,
Saying, “Sure, thou art come of an hon’rable race,
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art well worthy a lady to be.”

Thus was the feast ended with joy and delight ;
A bridegroom most happy was the young knight :
In joy and felicity long livéd he,
All with his fair lady, the pretty Bessie.

Old Ballad.

—♦—
CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP, boy, sleep—sleep !
For the day is for waking—for rest the night,
And my boy must learn to use each aright ;
Let him toil in the day, and steep
Through the night his senses in slumber sound,
To fit him to work when day comes round !
Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep !

Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep !
For my boy must be strong of body and limb,
To do all I'd have to be done by him ;
Let his slumbers be sound and deep,
That stout of arm and of heart he may grow,
Both hot to do and keen to know ;
Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep !



Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep !
For no puny son must I have—not I,
Made through his days to crouch and sigh,
To bend and to weakly weep ;
No, my man must be strong to battle with care,
The bravest to do, and the boldest to dare ;
Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep !

Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep !
Yes, thy mother, my boy, would have thee one
By whom this old world's best work is done,—
One who on it its dullards shall sweep.
If it must be, through storm ; if it must be, through
strife,
To still freer thoughts and to still purer life ;
Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep !

Bennett.

INDUSTRY.

NATURE expects all men should share
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for sloth ? To some we find
The ploughshare's annual toil assigned ;

Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide;
Some (taught by industry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art;
While some, of genius more refined,
With head and tongue assist mankind.
Each aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.

The monarch, when his table's spread,
Is to the clown obliged for bread;
And, when in all his glory drest,
Owes to the loom his royal vest.
Do not the mason's toil and care
Protect him from the inclement air?
Does not the cutler's art supply
The ornament that guards his thigh?
All these, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he his own and people's cause

Protects,—their properties and laws.
Thus they their honest toil employ,
And with content the fruits enjoy :
In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

Gey.

FATHER WILLIAM.

“YOU are old, Father William,” the young man
cried ;

“The few locks that are left you are gray :
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man ;
Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“In the days of my youth,” Father William replied,
“I remembered that youth would fly fast ;
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last.”

“You are old, Father William,” the young man cried,
“And pleasures with youth pass away ;



And yet you lament not the days that are gone ;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth could not last ;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away ;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death ;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

“I am cheerful, young man,” Father William replied,
“Let the cause thy attention engage :
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
And He hath not forgotten my age !”

Southey.



THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee ;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight :
Where are those sleepers now ?

One, 'midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one ;
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain ;
He wrapped the colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves by soft winds fanned ;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that fair band.

And parted thus, they rest who played
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth ;
Alas for love ! if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth !

Mrs. Hemans.



THE SAILOR BOY.

HE rose at dawn, and, flushed with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
And reached the ship, and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

And while on deck he whistled loud,
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,

“Boy, though thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

“The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And on thy heart the scrawl shall play!”

“Fool!” he answered, “death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam;
But I will never more endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

“My mother clings about my neck;
My sister clamours, ‘Stay, for shame!’
My father raves of death and wreck,—
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

“God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me!”

Tennyson.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed, with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride,
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Byron.



THE BEARS AND BEES.

AS two young bears, in wanton mood,
Forth issuing from a neighb'ring wood,
Came where th' industrious bees had stored
In artful cells their luscious hoard,
O'erjoyed they seized, with eager haste,
Luxurious, on the rich repast.
Alarmed at this, the little crew
About their ears vindictive flew.

The beasts, unable to sustain
The unequal combat, quit the plain.
Half-blind with rage, and mad with pain,
Their native shelter they regain ;
There sit, and now discreeter grown,
Too late their rashness they bemoan ;
And this by dear experience gain—
That pleasure 's ever bought with pain.
So when the gilded baits of vice
Are placed before our longing eyes,
With greedy haste we snatch our fill,
And swallow down the latent ill ;
But when experience opes our eyes,
Away the fancied pleasure flies :
It flies, but, oh ! too late we find
It leaves a real sting behind.

Merrick.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

HOW pleasant it is at the end of the day
No follies to have to repent ;
But reflect on the past, and be able to say
That my time has been properly spent.

When I've done all my business with patience and
care,

And been good, and obliging, and kind,
I lie on my pillow and sleep away there,
With a happy and peaceable mind.

But instead of all this, if it must be confessed
That I careless and idle have been,
I lie down as usual, and go to my rest,
But feel discontented within.

Then, as I don't like all the trouble I've had,
In future I'll try to prevent it;
For I never am naughty without being sad,
Or good without being contented.

Jane Taylor.

THE CONTENTED BLIND BOY.

O H! say, what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
Oh, tell a poor blind boy!



You talk of wondrous things you *see*;
You say the sun shines bright ;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play ;
And could I always keep awake,
With me 't were always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe ;

But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
While thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

Cibber.

—◆—

DAME DUCK'S FIRST LECTURE ON
EDUCATION.

OLD MOTHER DUCK has hatched a brood
Of ducklings, small and callow :
Their little wings are short, their down
Is mottled grey and yellow.

There is a quiet little stream,
That runs into the moat,
Where tall green sedges spread their leaves,
And water-lilies float.

Close by the margin of the brook
The old duck made her nest,
Of straw, and leaves, and withered grass,
And down from her own breast.

And there she sat for four long weeks,
In rainy days and fine,
Until the ducklings all came out—
Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine!

One peeped out from beneath her wing,
One scrambled on her back ;
“That’s very rude,” said old Dame Duck,
“Get off! quack, quack, quack, quack !”

“’Tis close,” said Dame Duck, shoving out
The egg-shells with her bill;
“Besides, it never suits young ducks
To keep them sitting still.”

So, rising from her nest, she said,
“Now, children, look at me :
A well-bred duck should waddle so,
From side to side—d’ ye see?”

"Yes," said the little ones, and then
She went on to explain :

"A well-bred duck turns in its toes
As I do—try again."

"Yes," said the ducklings, waddling on :

"That's better," said their mother ;

"But well-bred ducks walk in a row,
Straight—one behind another."

"Yes," said the little ducks again,
All waddling in a row :

"Now to the pond," said old Dame Duck—
Splash, splash! and in they go.

"Let me swim first," said old Dame Duck,

"To this side, now to that ;

There, snap at those great brown-winged flies,
They make young ducklings fat.

"Now when you reach the poultry-yard,

The hen-wife, Molly Head,

Will feed you, with the other fowls,

On bran and mashed-up bread ;



The poor Bobbin-Weaver.

“The hens will peck and fight, but mind,
I hope that all of you
Will gobble up the food as fast
As well-bred ducks should do.

“You’d better get into the dish,
Unless it is too small ;
In that case I should use my foot,
And overturn it all.”

The ducklings did as they were bid,
And found the plan so good,
That, from that day, the other fowls
Got hardly any food.

Aunt Effie’s Rhymes.

THE POOR BOBBIN WEAVER.

YON cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store,
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,

Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit,
Receives no praise; but, though her lot be such,
(Toilsome and indigent) she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes
Her title to a treasure in the skies.

Cowper.

A VILLAGE TALE.

THE rooks are cawing in the elms
As on the very day—
That sunny morning, mother dear—
When Lucy went away;
And April's pleasant leaves have come,
And April's gentle rain:
Fresh leaves are on the vine; but when
Will Lucy come again?



The spring is as it used to be,
And all must be the same;
And yet I miss the feeling now
That always with it came;
It seems as if to me she made
The sweetness of the year—
As if I could be glad no more,
Now Lucy is not here.

A year!—it seems but yesterday,
When in this very door

You stood; and she came running back
To say good-bye once more.
I hear you sob—your parting kiss—
The last fond words you said.
Ah! little did we think, one year,
And Lucy would be dead !

How all comes back—the happy times
Before our father died,
When, blessed with him, we knew **no want**,
Scarce knew a wish denied !
His loss, and all our struggles on,
And that worst dread to know,
From home, too poor to shelter all,
That one at last must go.

How often do I blame myself !
How often do I think
How wrong I was to shrink from that
From which *she* did not shrink !
And when I wish that I had gone,
And know the wish is vain,
And say she might have lived, I think,
How can I smile again ?

I dread to be alone, for then
Before my swimming eyes
Her parting face, her waving hand,
Distinct before me rise;
Slow rolls the waggon down the road,
I watch it disappear;
Her last "dear sister," faint "good-bye,"
Still lingering in my ear.

Oh, mother! had but father lived,
It would not have been thus;
Or, if God still had taken her,
She would have died with us;
She would have had kind looks, fond words,
Around her dying bed,
Our hands to press her dying hands,
To raise her dying head.

I'm always thinking, mother, now,
Of what she must have thought,
Poor girl! as day on day went by,
And neither of us brought;
Oh, how she must have yearned, one face
That was not strange to see!

Have longed a moment to have set
One look on you and me !

Sometimes I dream a happy dream—
I think that she is laid
Beside our own old village church,
Where we so often played;
And I can sit upon her grave,
And with her we shall lie,
Afar from where the city's noise
And thronging feet go by.

Nay, mother, mother, weep not so !
God judges for the best,
And from a world of pain and woe
He took her to His rest.
Why should we wish her back again ?
Oh ! freed from sin and care,
Let us the rather pray God's love,
Ere long to join her there.

Bennett.



ALICE FELL.

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,
For threat'ning clouds the moon had drowned,
When suddenly I seemed to hear
A moan, a lamentable sound.

As if the wind blew many ways
I heard the sound, and more and more:
It seemed to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out,
He stopped his horses at the word ;
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor aught else like it could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast
The horses scampered through the rain ;
And soon I heard upon the blast
The voice, and bade him halt again.

Said I, alighting on the ground,
"What can it be, this piteous moan?"

And there a little girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

"My cloak!"—the word was last and first,
And loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her very heart would burst;
And down from off the chaise she leapt.

"What ails you, child?" She sobbed, "Look here!"
I saw it in the wheel entangled,—
A weather-beaten rag as e'er
From any garden scarecrow dangled.

'T was fixed betwixt the nave and spoke;
Her help she lent, and with good heed
Together we released the cloak;
A wretched, wretched rag indeed!

"And whither are you going, child,
To-night along these lonesome ways?"
"To Durham," answered she, half-wild.
"Then come with me into the chaise."

She sat like one past all relief;
Sob after sob she forth did send

In wretchedness, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

“My child, in Durham do you dwell?”
She checked herself in her distress,
And said, “My name is Alice Fell;
I’m fatherless and motherless.

“And I to Durham, sir, belong.”
And then, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
And all was for her tattered cloak.

The chaise drove on; our journey’s end
Was nigh; and, sitting by my side
As if she’d lost her only friend,
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern door we post;
Of Alice and her grief I told;
And I gave money to the host
To buy a new cloak for the old.

“And let it be of duffil grey,
As warm a cloak as man can sell!”

Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell !

Words

—◆—
BABY'S SHOES.

O H, those little, those little blue shoes
Those shoes that no little feet use
Oh, the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes !

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That by God's good will
Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet !

And, oh ! since that baby slept,
So hushed ! how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept !

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor,
 And blue eyes she sees
 Look up from her knees,
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
 A little sweet face
 That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then, oh, wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
 Than those tiny blue shoes
 That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start.

Bennett.

THE ENGLISH GIRL.

SPORTING on the village green,
The pretty English girl is seen;

Or beside her cottage neat,
Knitting on the garden-seat.

Now, within her humble door,
Sweeping clean her kitchen floor ;
While upon the wall, so white,
Hang her coppers, polished bright.

Mary never idle sits ;
She either sews, or spins, or knits ;
Hard she labours all the week,
With sparkling eye and rosy cheek.

And on Sunday, Mary goes
Neatly dressed, in decent clothes,
Says her prayers (a constant rule),
And hastens to the Sunday School.

Oh ! how good should we be found,
Who live on happy English ground,
Where rich and poor and wretched may
All learn to walk in Wisdom's way !

Jane Taylor.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For, should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy island wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—

It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady :

“ And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking,
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their tramping sounded nearer

“ Oh, haste thee, haste !” the lady cries ;
“ Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land
A stormy sea before her,—

When, oh ! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing ;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed through storm and shade,
His child he did discover :
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back ! come back !” he cried in grief,
“Across this stormy water ;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter !—O my daughter !”

'Twas vain : the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing ;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

Campbell.



TO A BEE.

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee!

As abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up, and left her trace

On the meadow, with dew so gray,
Saw I thee, thou busy, busy bee!

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy bee!

After the fall of the cistus flower,
When the primrose of evening was ready to burst,
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first;

In the silence of the evening hour,
Heard I thee, thou busy, busy bee!

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee!

Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in keeping and hoarding is spent,
What thy winter will never enjoy.
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy bee!

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy bee!

What is the end of thy toil.

When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,

And all thy work for the year is done,

Thy master comes for the spoil;

Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy bee!

Southey.



THE CHORUS OF FROGS.

“YAUP, yaup, yaup!”

Said the croaking voice of a frog:

“A rainy day

In the month of May,

And plenty of room in the bog.”

“Yaup, yaup, yaup!”

Said the frog, as it hopped away:

“The insects feed

On the floating weed,

And I’m hungry for dinner to-day.”

“Yaup, yaup, yaup!”
Said the frog as it splashed about :
“Good neighbours all,
When you hear me call,
It is odd that you do not come out.”

“Yaup, yaup, yaup!”
Said the frogs, “it is charming weather ;
We ’ll come and sup
When the moon is up,
And we ’ll all of us croak together.”

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.



THE BEGGAR.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man !
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to yc
door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;
Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store



These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years,
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial forced me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh, take me to your hospitable home!
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repress.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine,—
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn;
But, ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wide stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care !
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

Most.

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour :
See the front o' battle lower ;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha would fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa' ?
Let him on wi' me !

By Oppression's woes and pains !
By your sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do, or die !

THE ORPHAN BOY.

STAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale !
Ah ! sure my looks must pity wake !

'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy ;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child ! how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame !
To force me home my mother sought,—
She could not bear to see my joy ;
For with my father's life 't was bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud ;
My mother shuddering closed her ears ;
“ Rejoice ! rejoice ! ” still cried the crowd ;
My mother answered with her tears.

“ Oh ! why do tears steal down your cheek,”
Cried I, “ while others shout for joy ?”
She kissed me, and in accents weak
She called me her poor orphan boy.

“ What is an orphan boy ?” I said,
When suddenly she gasped for breath,
And her eyes closed ;—I shrieked for aid,—
But, ah ! her eyes were closed in death !
My hardships since I will not tell ;
But now no more a parent’s joy,
Ah, lady ! I have learnt too well
What ’t is to be an orphan boy.

Oh, were I by your bounty fed !
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide !
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread :
The sailor’s orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep —what is ’t you say ?
You ’ll give me clothing, food, employ ?—
Look down, dear parents ! look and see
Your happy, happy orphan boy.



CRIPPLED JANE.

THEY said she might recover, if we sent her down
to the sea,
But that is for rich men's children, and we knew it
could not be;
So she lived at home in the Lincolnshire Fens, and we
saw her, day by day,
Grow pale, and stunted, and crooked; till her last
chance died away.

And now *I'm* dying; and often, when you thought that
I moaned with pain,
I was moaning a prayer to Heaven, and thinking of
Crippled Jane.
Folks will be kind to Johnny; his temper is merry and
light;
With so much love in his honest eyes, and a sturdy
sense of right.
And no one could quarrel with Susan; so pious, and
meek, and mild,
And nearly as wise as a woman, for all she looks such
a child!
But Jane will be weird and wayward; fierce, and cunning,
and hard;
She won't believe she's a burden, be thankful, nor win
regard.—
God have mercy upon her! God be her guard and
guide!
How will strangers bear with her, when, at times, even
I felt tried?
When the ugly smile of pleasure goes over her sallow
face,
And the feeling of health, for an hour, quickens her
languid pace;

When with dwarfish strength she rises, and plucks,
with a selfish hand,
The busiest person near her, to lead her out on the
land;
Or when she sits in some corner, no one's companion
or care,
Huddled up in some darksome passage, or crouched
on a step of the stair;
While far off the children are playing, and the birds
singing loud in the sky,
And she looks through the cloud of her head-ache, to
scowl at the passers-by.
I die—God have pity upon her!—how happy rich men
must be!—
For they said she might have recovered—if we sent
her down to the sea.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broached him to

His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft ;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare ;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair :
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft !
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed ;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

Dibdin.

CASABIANCA.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but him had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead ;

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
 Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father ! say,
 If yet my task is done."
He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.

“Speak, father!” once again he cried,
“If I may yet be gone?”

And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, but brave despair :

And shouted but once more aloud,
“My father ! must I stay ?”
While o’er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh ! where was he ?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part ;
But the noblest thing which perished there,
Was that young faithful heart!

Mrs. Hemans.



THE MOUSE AND THE CAKE.

A MOUSE found a beautiful piece of plum cake,
The richest and sweetest that mortal could
make;

'T was heavy with citron and fragrant with spice,
And covered with sugar all sparkling as ice.

“My stars!” cried the mouse, while his eye beamed
with glee;

“Here’s a treasure I’ve found! what a feast it will be!
But, hark! there’s a noise—’tis my brothers at play,
So I’ll hide with the cake, lest they wander this way.

“Not a bit shall they have, for I know I can eat
Every morsel myself, and I’ll have such a treat!”

So off went the mouse as he held the cake fast,
While his hungry young brothers went scampering past.

He nibbled, and nibbled, and panted, but still
He kept gulping it down till he made himself ill;
Yet he swallowed it all, and 't is easy to guess,
He was soon so unwell that he groaned with distress.

His family heard him, and as he grew worse,
They sent for the doctor, who made him rehearse
How he'd eaten the cake to the very last crumb,
Without giving his playmates and relatives some.

"Ah me!" cried the doctor, "advice is too late:
You must die before long, so prepare for your fate;
If you had but divided the cake with your brothers,
'T would have done you no harm, and been good for
the others.

"Had you shared it, the treat had been wholesome
enough;
But eaten by *one*, it was dangerous stuff;
So prepare for the worst." And the word had scarce fled,
When the doctor turned round, and the patient was dead.

Now, all little people the lesson may take,
And *some* large ones may learn from the mouse and
the cake

Not to be over-selfish with what we may gain,
Or the best of our pleasures may turn into pain.

Eliza Cook.

THE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead ;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice :
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.

He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
 Little lamb, God bless thee!
 Little lamb, God bless thee!

Blake.

THE IDLE SHEPHERD-BOYS.

THE valley rings with mirth and joy;
 Among the hills the echoes play
A never, never-ending song,
 To welcome in the May.
The magpie chatters with delight;
 The mountain raven's youngling brood
Have left the mother and the nest,
And they go rambling east and west
 In search of their own food;



The Idle Shepherd Boys.

Or through the glittering vapours dart
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
Two boys are sitting in the sun;
It seems they have no work to do,
Or that their work is done.
On pipes of sycamore they play
The fragments of a Christmas hymn;
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,
Their rusty hats they trim:
And thus, as happy as the day,
Those shepherds wear the time away.

Along the river's stony marge
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And carols loud and strong;
A thousand lambs are on the rocks,
All newly born:—both earth and sky
Keep jubilee; and more than all,
Those boys with their green coronal;
They never hear the cry,

That plaintive cry ! which up the hill
Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,
‘Down to the stump of yon old yew
We’ll for our whistles run a race.’

—Away the shepherds flew.

They leapt—they ran—and when they came
Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,
Seeing that he should lose the prize,
“Stop !” to his comrade Walter cries.

James stopped with no good will :
Said Walter then, “Your task is here,
’T will keep you working half a year.

“Now cross where I shall cross—come on,
And follow me where I shall lead.”

The other took him at his word,
But did not like the deed.

It was a spot which you may see

If ever you to Langdale go :

Into a chasm a mighty block

Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock :

The gulf is deep below ;

And in a basin black and small
Receives a mighty waterfall.

With staff in hand across the cleft
The challenger began his march ;
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained
The middle of the arch.
When, list ! he hears a piteous moan—
Again !—his heart within him dies—
His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,
He totters, pale as any ghost,
And, looking down, he spies
A lamb that in the pool is pent
Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,
And safe without a bruise or wound
The cataract had borne him down
Into the gulf profound.
His dam had seen him when he fell,
She saw him down the torrent borne ;
And, while with all a mother's love
She from the lofty rocks above
Sent forth a cry forlorn,

The lamb, still swimming round and round
Made answer to that plaintive sound

When he had learnt what thing it was
That sent this rueful cry, I ween
The boy recovered heart, and told
The sight which he had seen.
Both gladly now deferred their task;
Nor was there wanting other aid,—
A poet, one who loves the brooks
Far better than the sages' books,
By chance had thither strayed;
And there the helpless lamb he found,
By those huge rocks encompassed round.

He drew it gently from the pool,
And brought it forth into the light;
The shepherds met him with his charge,
An unexpected sight!
Into their arms the lamb they took:
Said they, "He's neither maimed nor scarred."
Then up the steep ascent they hied,
And placed him at his mother's side;
And gently did the bard

Those idle shepherd-boys upbraid,
And bade them better mind their trade.

Wordsworth.

—◆—
WINTER.

OLD winter is a sturdy one,
And lasting stuff he's made of,
His flesh is firm as ironstone,
There's nothing he's afraid of.

He spreads his coat upon the heath,
Nor yet to warm it lingers ;
He scouts the thought of aching teeth,
Or chilblains on his fingers.

Of flowers that bloom or birds that sing,
Full little cares or knows he,
He hates the fire and hates the spring,
And all that's warm and cozy.

But when the foxes bark aloud,
On frozen lake and river ;
When round the fire the people crowd,
And rub their hands and shiver ;

When frost is splitting stone and wall,
And trees come crashing after,
That hates he not, he loves it all,—
Then bursts he out in laughter.

His home is by the North Pole's strand,
Where earth and sea are frozen,
His summer-house, we understand,
In Switzerland he's chosen.

Now from the North he's hither hied,
To show his strength and power ;
And when he comes we stand aside,
And look at him, and cower.

From the German.

THE BLIND BOY AND HIS SISTER.

“O BROTHER,” said fair Annie,
To the blind boy at her side,
“Would thou couldst see the sunshine lie
On hill and valley, and the sky
Hung like a glorious canopy
O'er all things far and wide!



“ Would thou couldst see the waters
In many a distant glen;
The mountain flocks that graze around;
Nay, even this patch of stony ground,
These crags, with silver lichen crowned,
I would that thou couldst ken!

“ Would thou couldst see my face, brother,
As well as I see thine;
For always what I cannot see
It is but half a joy to me.
Brother, I often weep for thee,
Yet thou dost ne’er repine.”

“ And why should I repine, Annie ?”
Said the blind boy, with a smile;
“ I ken the blue sky and the grey;
The sunny and the misty day;
The moorland valley stretched away
For many and many a mile.

“ I ken the night and day, Annie,
For all ye may believe;
And often in my spirit lies
A clear light as of midday skies;
And splendours on my vision rise,
Like gorgeous hues of eve.

“ I sit upon the stone, Annie,
Beside our cottage door,
And people say, ‘ That boy is blind,’

And pity me, although I find
A world of beauty in my mind,
A never-ceasing store

“ I hear you talk of mountains,
The beautiful, the grand ;
Of splintered peaks so grey and tall ;
Of lake, and glen, and waterfall ;
Of flowers and trees ;—I ken them all,—
Their difference understand.

“ The harebell and the gowan
Are not alike to me,—
Are different as the herd and flock,
The blasted pine tree of the rock,
The waving birch, the broad green oak,
The river, and the sea.

“ And, oh ! the heavenly music
That, as I sit alone,
Comes to mine inward sense, as clear
As if the angel voices were
Singing to harp and dulcimer
Before the mighty Throne\

“ It is not as of outward sound
Of breeze or singing-bird;
But wondrous melody refined;
A gift of God unto the blind;
An inward harmony of mind,
By inward senses heard.

“ And all the old-world stories
That neighbours tell o’ nights,
Of fairies on the fairy mound,
Of brownies dwelling underground,
Of elves careering round and round,
Of fays and water sprites;

“ All this to me is pleasantness,—
Is all a merry show;
I see the antic people play,—
Brownie and kelpie, elf and fay,
In a sweet country far away,
Yet where I seem to go.

“ But better far than this, Annie,
Is when thou read’st to me
Of the dear Saviour meek and kind,

And how He healed the lame and blind.
Am I not healed?—for in my mind
His blessed form I see!

“ Oh, love is not of sight, Annie,—
Is not of outward things;
For in my inmost soul I know
His pity for all mortal woe;
His words of love, spoke long ago,
Unseal its deepest springs!

“ Then do not mourn for me, Annie,
Because that I am blind:
The beauty of all outward sight,
The wondrous shows of day and night,
All love, all faith, and all delight,
Are strong in heart and mind!”

Mary Howitt.

—◆—
SULKY SARAH.

WHY is Sarah standing there,
Leaning down upon a chair,
With such an angry lip and brow?
I wonder what's the matter now?

Come here, my dear, and tell me true:
Is it because I spoke to you
About the work you 'd done so slow,
That you are standing fretting so?

Why, then, indeed, I'm grieved to see
That you can so ill-tempered be:
You make your fault a great deal worse
By being angry and perverse.

Oh, how much better 't would appear
To see you shed a humble tear,
And then to hear you meekly say,
"I'll not do so another day."

Jane Taylor.

◆ ◆ ◆
YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,

To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is on the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,

John Gilpin.

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Ye Mariners of England.

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To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
While the stormy winds do blow.

Spirits of your fathers
Start from every wave!
It was their field of fame,
It was their grave:

Nelson fell,
Nelson shall glow,

blow;

and long,
ow.

John Gilpin.

2

When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Campbell.

JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.



John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,

And we will then repair
Unto the 'Bell' at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife,
O'erjoyed was he to find
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in,—
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad !
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again:—

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he; "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now, Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

"So! fair and softly," John he cried;
But John he cried in vain:
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig:
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung,—
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all,
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around:
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'T is for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'T was wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony espied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here's the house,"
They all aloud did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired."
Said Gilpin, "So am I."

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

“What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall;
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?”

Now, Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke,
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

“I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:
“My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

“ But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “ It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.”

So, turning to his horse, he said,
“ I am in haste to dine;
’T was for *your* pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for *mine*.”

Ah, luckless speech and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

Now, Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the “ Bell,”
“ This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain!
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

“Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!”
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space,
The tollmen thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did; and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

Cooper.



BOYS' PLAY AND GIRLS' PLAY.

“NOW, let's have a game of play,
Lucy, Jane, and little May.
I will be a grizzly bear:
Prowling here and prowling there,
Sniffing round and round about,
Till I find you children out;
And my dreadful den shall be
Deep within the hollow tree.”

“Oh, no! please not, Robert dear,
Do not be a grizzly bear:
Little May was half afraid
When she heard the noise you made,



Roaring like a lion strong,
Just now as you came along ;
And she 'll scream and start to-night,
If you give her any fright."

" Well, then, I will be a fox !
You shall be the hens and cocks,
In the farmer's apple tree,
Crowing out so lustily.
I will softly creep this way—

Peep—and pounce upon my prey ;
And I'll bear you to my den—
Where the fern grows in the glen.”

“ Oh, no, Robert ! you're so strong,
While you're dragging us along
I'm afraid you'll tear our frocks.
We *won't* play at hens and cocks.”
“ If you won't play fox or bears,
I'm a dog, and you be hares ;
Then you'll only have to run.
Girls are never up to fun.”

“ You've *your* play, and we have *ours*.
Go and climb the trees again.
I, and little May, and Jane,
Are so happy with our flowers.
Jane is culling foxglove bells,
May and I are making posies,
And we want to search the dells,
For the latest summer roses.”

Mrs. Hawtrey.







The Waves on the Sea Shore.

THE WAVES ON THE SEA SHORE.

ROLL on, roll on, you restless waves,
That toss about and roar ;
Why do you all run back again
When you have reached the shore ?

Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves,
Roll higher up the strand ;
How is it that you cannot pass
That line of yellow sand ?

Make haste, or else the tide will turn ;
Make haste, you noisy sea ;
Roll quite across the bank, and then
Far on across the lea.

“We must not dare,” the waves reply :
“That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bound
The waters and the land ;

“And all should keep to time and place,
And all should keep to rule,
Both waves upon the sandy shore,
And little boys at school.”

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

A LLEN-A-DALE has no faggot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle ! come, hearken my tale,
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side,
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame ;
Yet the fish of the lake and the deer of the vale
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as
bright ;

Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word ;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;
The mother, she asked of his household and home :
" Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the
hill,

My hall," quoth bold Allen, " shows gallanter still ;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone ;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone ;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry :
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.

Scott.



THE LORD OF HOLABOÏS.

SIR Cric-à-Crac
Of Carignac
He is a gallant knight,
Though his clothes are old,
And his hosen holed,
And his gear in sorry plight.

His sword is long,
His arm is strong,
His eye is keen and quick;
And betwixt his nose
And his chin there grows
A dark moustache and thick.

His clothes are worn,
His cloak is torn,
His hat is limp of brim,
With a cocktail feather;
And altogether
You don't think much of him!

But his heart is gold,
Though his coat is old,
As you will quickly guess,
Since he for his king
Would everything
Give up he does possess ;

And though that's small,
It is his all—
A duke could give no more ;
And a flagon of wine
And a cut at the chine
Is all he'll ask therefor.

But the gallants sneer
At his threadbare gear :—
Their taunts he can despise,
For he very well knows
His suit of clothes
Is really a perfect *Guise* !

Tom Hood.



THE SEA CAPTAIN'S FAREWELL TO HIS
CHILD.

THE fresh breeze whistles above us, the tide runs
fast below,
The ship is waiting, they tell me,—is waiting,—and I
must go ;
For my bread must be won on the waters, on the
changeeful treacherous main ;
I'll be back in a year, my baby, when the roses bloom
again.

A year ! Full many a sailor, ere the year is past, shall
sleep
With a boulder of rock for a pillow, in the tangle
weed, fathoms deep.
Back in a year, my lambkin ! the words are quickly
said,
But the storm will be up and doing, and the sea *will*
have its dead.

What then ? Who die in their duty, die well, and are
in HIS hand.



“We’re as near to Heaven,” said old Gilbert, “by sea
as we are by land ;”
E’en then we shall have a meeting, and no more
parting and pain,
When both are at rest on OUR FATHER’S breast, and
the roses bloom again.

H. W. Dulcken.

THE OLD KITCHEN CLOCK.

LISTEN to the kitchen clock!
To itself it ever talks,
From its place it never walks;
“Tick-tock—tick-tock!”
Tell me what it says.

“I’m a very patient clock,
Never moved by hope or fear,
Though I’ve stood for many a year;
Tick-tock—tick-tock!”
That is what it says.

“I’m a very truthful clock:
People say, about the place,
Truth is written on my face;
Tick-tock—tick-tock!”
That is what it says.

“I’m a very active clock,
For I go while you’re asleep,
Though you never take a peep;
Tick-tock—tick-tock!”
That is what it says.

"I'm a most obliging clock :
If you wish to hear me strike,
You may do it when you like ;
Tick-tock—tick-tock!"
That is what it says.

What a talkative old clock!
Let us see what it will do
When the pointer reaches two :
"Ding—ding!"—"tick-tock!"
That is what it says.

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

ONE MOUTH MORE.

IT is but one mouth more, father ;
And **H**E that can bestow
Wherewith to satisfy all needs,
Will still provide, I know.
Hark, how outside the wind doth roar!
See, how chill drives the sleet!

He came for shelter to our door,
Of all doors in the street.

When Willy ran home from the school,
He found him shivering there :
His eye looked up in Willy's face,
Out of the dragged hair,
As if it said, " I have no food,
No sheltering roof have I ;
If you 'll not take me in to live,
I must stay here to die."

I know that you have sore to do
To keep us clothed and fed ;
How mother's bound to save and spare,
How all eat careful bread;
But God, that blessed the widow's mite,
And filled the widow's cruse,
Will not let miss the bone or crust
For which poor Doggy sues.

I 'll save his portion out of mine,
And so will Willy too ;
He 'll watch your bundle while you dine,—

We'll find him work to do :
And when he wags his tail at meat,
Or barks with us at play,
If there be one more mouth to eat,
There's one more grace to say.

Tom Taylor.

GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye, Miss Rosie,
A word that is sad to say ;
Though you are young and bonny,
And I am old and gray :
Your life is only beginning,
And mine drawing near its end,
But Death's face at the close of my journey
Is the quiet face of a friend.

I am not afraid of him, dearie :
We have often met face to face
When I tended the sick and dying—
And now I am in their place,

And they are away in heaven,
Where sickness and pain are o'er,
Where we all grow good together,
And, mayhap, grow young once more.

Good-bye—are you sorry to say it?
More sorry, I think, than I.
Yes, I'd like to have lived to see you
Wed in the church hard by;
I'd like to have had your wee things
Toddlings about my knee:
You'll remember old nurse a little,
And tell them sometimes of me?

I was only a nurse, Miss Rosie:
I never had daughter or son,
Never a home or a husband,
And of sweethearts only one:
If I should meet him shortly,
Do you think I should know him again?
He died at nineteen, Miss Rosie,
And I lived to threescore and ten.

Good-bye, good-bye, my dearie;
And good-bye to each and all:

My duty to the young ladies,
My love to the children small;
And say I am waiting patient
Till I hear His knock at the door;
When I shall go forth to meet HIM,
And be with HIM evermore.

The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."



THE STRANGE CHILD'S CHRISTMAS.

THERE went a stranger child,
As Christmas Eve closed in,
Through the streets of a town, whose windows shone
With the warmth and light within.

It stopped at every house,
The Christmas trees to see
On that festive night, when they shone so bright—
And it sighed right bitterly.

Then wept the child, and said,
"This night hath ev'ry one



A Christmas tree, that he glad may be,
And I alone have none.

“ Ah ! when I lived at home,
From brother's and sister's hand
I had my share, but there's none to care
For me in the stranger's land.

“ Will no one let me in ?
No presents I would crave,

But to see the light, and the tree all bright,
And the gifts that others have."

At shutter, and door, and gate
It knocks with timid hand;
But none will mark, where alone in the dark
That little child doth stand.

Each father brings home gifts,
Each mother, kind and mild;
There is joy for all, but none will call
And welcome that lonely child.

"Mother and father are dead—
O Jesus, kind and dear,
I've no one now, there is none but Thou,
For I am forgotten here."

The poor child rubs its hands,
All frozen and numbed with cold,
And draws round its head, with shrinking dread,
Its garment worn and old.

But see—another Child
Comes gliding through the street,

nd its robe is white, in its hand a light ;
It speaks, and its voice is sweet :

“Once on this earth, a child
I lived, as thou livest yet :
Though all turn away from thee to-day,
Yet I will not forget.

“Each child, with equal love,
I hold beneath my care,—
In the street's dull gloom, in the lighted room,
I am with them ev'rywhere.

“Here, in the darkness dim,
I'll show thee, child, thy tree;
Those that spread their light through the chambers
bright
So lovely scarce can be.”

And with its white hand points
The Christ-child to the sky,
And, lo ! afar, with each lamp a star,
A tree gleamed there on high.

So far, and yet so near,

The lights shone overhead ;
And all was well, for the child could tell
For whom that tree was spread.

It gazed as in a dream ;
And angels bent and smiled,
And with outstretched hand to that brighter land
They carried the stranger child.

And the little one went home
With its Saviour Christ to stay,
All the hunger and cold and the pain of old
Forgotten and past away.

From the German.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

WHEN Robin Hood and Little John
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood to Little John,
"We have shot for many a pound ;

"But I am not able to shoot one shot more,—
My arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me."

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley Hall,
He knocked all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

"Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin," she said,
"And drink some beer with me?"
"No, I will neither eat nor drink
Till I am blooded by thee."

"Well, I have a room, cousin Robin," she said,
"Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be."



She took him by the lily-white hand,
And let him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood
Whilst one drop of blood would run.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
There did he bleed all the livelong day,
Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement door,
Thinking for to be gone:
He was so weak he could not leap,
Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under the tree,
"I fear my master is near dead,
He blows so wearilie."

'Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkley Hall,
He broke locks two or three;

Until he came bold Robin to,
Then he fell on his knee:
"A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
"Master, I beg of thee."

“What is that boon,” quoth Robin Hood,

“Little John, thou begs of me?”

“It is, to burn fair Kirkley Hall,

And all their nunnerie.”

“Now nay, now nay,” quoth Robin Hood,

“That boon I’ll not grant thee;

I never hurt woman in all my life,

Nor man in woman’s companie.

“I never hurt fair maid in all my time,

Nor at my end shall it be.

But give me my bent bow in my hand,

And a broad arrow I’ll let flee,

And where this arrow is taken up,

There shall my grave digged be.

“Lay me a green sod under my head,

And another at my feet,

And lay my bent bow by my side,

Which was my music sweet;

And make my grave of gravel and green,

Which is most right and meet.

Black-Eyed Susan.

"Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head,
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood."

These words they readily promised him,
Which did bold Robin please;
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirkléys.

Old Ballad.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored
The streamers waving in the wind,
When Black-eyed Susan came on board,
"Oh, where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among your crew?
William, who high upon the yard,
Rocked by the billows to and fro,
Soon as the well-known voice he heard,
He sighed and cast his eyes below;

The cord flies swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

“O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall always true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,—
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

“Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They tell thee sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell you so,
For thou art present wheresoe’er I go.”

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer she must stay on board,—
They kissed, she sighed—he hung his head:
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
“Adieu!” she cried, and waved her lily hand.

CONTENTED JOHN.

ONE honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be
richer ;
For all such vain wishes in him were prevented
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold was the weather, or dear was the food,
John never was found in a murmuring mood ;
For this he was constantly heard to declare,—
What he could not prevent, he would cheerfully bear.

“For why should I grumble and murmur?” he said ;
“If I cannot get meat, I can surely get bread ;
And though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
It never can cause bread and cheese to be cheaper.”

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,
He wished himself better, but did not complain,
Nor lie down and fret in despondence and sorrow,
But said that he hoped to be better to-morrow.



If any one wronged him or treated him ill,
Why, John was good-natured and sociable still ;
For he said that revenging the injury done
Would be making two rogues when there need be but
one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
Passed through this sad world without even a grumble ;
And I wish that some folks, who are greater and richer,
Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher.

Jane Taylor.

THE LOST LITTLE ONE.

WE miss her footfall on the floor,
Amidst the nursery din,
Her tip-tap at our bed-room door,
Her bright face peeping in.

And when to Heaven's high court above
Ascends our social prayer,
Though there are voices that we love,
One sweet voice is not there.

And dreary seem the hours, and lone,
That drag themselves along,
Now from our board her smile is gone,
And from our hearth her song.

We miss that farewell laugh of hers,
With its loud joyous sound,
And the kiss between the balusters,
When good-night time comes round.

The Lost Little One.

And empty is her little bed,
And on her pillow there
Must never rest that cherub head
With its soft silken hair.

But often as we wake and weep,
Our midnight thoughts will roam,
To visit her cold, dreamless sleep,
In her last narrow home.

Then, then it is Faith's tear-dimmed ey
See through ethereal space,
Amidst the angel-crowded skies,
That dear, that well-known face.

With beckoning hand she seems to say,
" Though, all her sufferings o'er,
Your little one is borne away
To this celestial shore,

" Doubt not she longs to welcome you
To her glad bright abode,
There happy endless ages through
To live with her and God."

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

THERE went three kings into the East,
Three kings both great and high ;
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn shall die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
Put clods upon his head ;
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong ;
His head well armed with pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,
And he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
● Showed he began to fail.

His colour sickened more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They took a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee,
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They filled up then a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
And heaved in poor John Barleycorn,
To let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe;
And still as signs of life appeared,
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But the miller used him worst of all,
For he crushed him between two stones.

And they have taken his very heart's blood,
And drunk it round and round;—
And so farewell, John Barleycorn!
Thy fate thou now hast found.

BURNS.

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

TOLL for the brave!
The brave that are no more,
All sunk beneath the wave,
Their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side ;

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought ;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock ;

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

The Deformed Child.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full-charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone ;
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

Cowper.

THE DEFORMED CHILD.

WHEN summer days are long and warm, they
set my little chair
door, and in the sun they leave me sit



The Deformed Child..



Then many thoughts come to my mind, that others
never know,
About myself and what I feel, and what was long ago.

There are no less than six of us, and all of them are
tall
And stout as any you may see, but I was always small:
The neighbours look at me, and say I grow not with
the rest;
Then father strokes my head, and says, The least are
sometimes best.

But hearing I was not like them, within my head one
day
It came (strange thoughts that children have!) that I'd
been changed away!
And then I cried; but soon the thought brought com-
fort to my mind,—
If I were not their own, I knew they could not be so
kind.

For we are happy in our home as ever people were,
Yet sometimes father looks as if his heart was full of
care;

When things go wrong about the house, then mother
vexed will be ;
But neither of them ever spoke a cross word unto me.

And once, when all was dark, they came to kiss me in
my bed,
And though they thought I slept quite sound, I heard
each word they said.
“ Poor little thing! to make thee well, we’d freely give
our all;
But God knows best!” and on my cheek I felt a warm
tear fall.

And then I longed to sit upright, and tell them not to
fret,
For that my pains were not so bad, I should be stronger
yet;
But as the words came to my lips, they seemed to die
away,
And then they drew the curtain close, and left me as
I lay.

And so I did not speak at all, and yet my heart was
full ;

And now, when I am sick and ill, for fear it makes
them dull
To see my face so pale and worn, I creep to father's
side,
And press it close against his own, and try the pain to
hide.

Then upon pleasant Sundays, in the long warm evening
hours,
Will father take me in his arms among the fields and
flowers;
And he'll be just as pleased himself to see the joy I'm
in,
And mother smiles and says she thinks I look not
quite so thin.

But it is best within the house when nights are long
and dark,
And two of brothers run from school, and two come
in from work;
And they are all so kind to me, the first word they will
say
To mother at the door will be, "Has Bess been well
to-day?"

And though I love them all so well, *one* may be loved
the best,
And brother John, I scarce now why, seems dearest
than the rest.
But tired and cross as I may feel when he comes in a
night,
And takes me on his knee and chats—then everything
is right!

When once, I know, about some work he went quite
far away,
Oh! how I wished him back again, and counted every
day;
And when, the first of all, I heard his foot upon the
stair,
Just for that once I longed to run and leave my little
chair!

Then when I look at other girls, they never seem to
be
So pretty as our Hannah is, or half so neat as she;
But she will soon be leaving us, to settle far away,
With one she loves, and who has loved her well this
many a day.

I sometimes think because I have few pleasures, and
no cares,
Wherewith to please or vex myself, they like to tell me
theirs;
For sister talks to me for hours, and tells me much
that she
Would never breathe unto a soul unless it were to me.

One night, when we were quite alone, she gave the fire
a stir,
And shut the door, and showed the ring that William
bought for her,
And told me all about her house; and often she has said
That I shall come to live with them, when she and
William wed.

But that I think will scarcely be, for when our Hannah
goes,
What we shall do for want of her, not one among us
knows;
And though there is not much in me the place she
leaves to fill,
Yet *something* may be always done, where there is but
the will.

Then the kind doctor says, and he is very seldom
wrong,
That I some day, when no one thinks, may grow both
stout and strong;
And should I be, through all my life, a care unto my
friends,
Yet father says there are *worse* cares than God Al-
mighty sends!

And I will think of this, and then I never can feel dull,
But pray to God to make me good, and kind, and
dutiful;
And when I think on Him that died, it makes my
heart grow light,
To know that feeble things on earth are precious in
His sight!

Dora Greenwell.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing down to the west,
Away to the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the
best,



And the children stood watching them out of the
town.

For men must work, and women must weep,
And here 's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at
the shower,

While the night rack came rolling up, ragged and brown.

But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,

For those who will never come home to the town.
But men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

C. Kingsley.

RICHER THAN GOLD.

O H, my love was bold and true,
And he sailed across the bay,
Singing, "I'll return to you
In a twelvemonth and a day."

With no shadow of a doubt he went,
For he was true as bold ;
But I feared the roaring ocean,
And cared little for the gold.

All that summer still and calm
Lay the sparkling silver tide,
In the sunshine deep and warm,
Or in moonlight bright and wide ;

And the breezes fanned my cheek
Which bore letters o'er the bay,
Saying, " I'll bring back a heap of gold
In a twelvemonth and a day."

Summer passed,—and autumn came,
When the breezes 'gan to blow,
And the waves, no longer tame,
Were foam-crested, white as snow ;

The sullen sun set redly,
The winds piped shrill and cold,
And on my knees I prayed for him,
And recked not of the gold.

Oh, the storm it is all over,
On the shore there lies a wreck,
With cargo gone and broken masts,
And yawning sides and deck :

To the sea they gave their riches,
Fought for life like sailors bold ;
But my love is safe within my arms—
What care I for the gold ?

The Author of "The Gentle Life."

LOST IN THE SNOW.

WHEN red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dank and dun ;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail and sleeted rain
Against the casement's tinkling pane;
The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd asks
To dismal and to dangerous tasks.

Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain ;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine ;
Whistling, and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid :
His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs, and mountain-sides,
Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles ;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,—
Loses its feeble gleam,—and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
• Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep :
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale ;
His paths, his landmarks—all unknown,

Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffened swain :
His widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail ;
And close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek, to break his rest.

Scott.

THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of
gentle mould :

They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his
childish years.

I cannot say how this may be,—I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious
air :



I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth
me,
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire is the thought which
fills his mind,—
The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere
doth find:
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together
walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as
children talk;

Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on
bat or ball,

But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly
mimics all.

His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplext
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts
about the next:

He kneels at his dear mother's knee; she teaches him
to pray,

And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the
words which he will say.

Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's
years, like me,

A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be ;

And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his
thoughtful brow,

I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him
now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three :

I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles
on my knee.

I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his brother's,
keen,

Nor his brow so full of childish thought, as his hath
ever been;

But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender
feeling,

And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of
love revealing.

When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us
in the street,

Will shout with joy, and bless my boy, he looks so
mild and sweet.

A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home
and hearth,

To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our
mirth.

Should *he* grow up to riper years, God grant his heart
may prove

As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly
love.

And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes
must dim,

God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in
him.

I have a son, a third sweet son : his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years or months where he
is gone to dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles
were given,

And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to
live in heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth
now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining
seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss
which he doth feel,

Are numbered with the secret things which God will
not reveal.

But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is
now at rest,

Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's
loving breast.

I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy
for ever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close beneath their
glittering wings,

And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's
divinest things.

I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear
and I),

When God for aye shall wipe away all tears from
every eye.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never
cease;

Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is certain
peace.

It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss
may sever,

But if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours for
ever.

When we think of what our darling is, and what we
still must be,—

When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this*
world's misery,—

When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this
grief and pain,—

Oh! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him
here again.

Moultrie.



A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys!
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

“Oh for a soft and gentle wind!”
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys!
The good ship tight and free.—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;

The wind is piping loud, my boys !
The lightning flashing free,
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

Allan Cunningham.

—◆—
A GRECIAN FABLE.

ONCE on a time, a son and sire, we're told,—
The stripling tender and the father old,—
Purchased a donkey at a country fair,
To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware ;
But as the sluggish animal was weak,
They feared, if both should mount, his back would
break.
Up got the boy, the father plods on foot,
And through the gazing crowd he leads the brute ;
Forth from the crowd the greybeards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout :
“ This is the respect to feeble age you show ?
And this the duty you to parents owe ?
He beats the hoof, and you are set astride ;
Sirrah ! get down, and let your father ride ! ”

As Grecian lads were seldom void of grace,
The decent, duteous youth resigned his place.
Then a fresh murmur through the rabble ran ;
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man :
“Sure ne’er was brute so void of nature !
Have you no pity for the pretty creature ?
To your young child can you be so unkind ?
Here, Luke, Bill, Betty, put the child behind !”
Old Dapple next the clowns’ compassion claimed :
“Tis strange those boobies are not quite ashamed !
Two at a time upon a poor dumb beast !
They might as well have carried *him*, at least.”
The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
Dismount and bear the brute. Then what a noise !
Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet silent sire these words provoke :
“Proceed, my boy, nor heed their further call ;
Vain his attempt who strives to please them all !”

THE SANDS OF DEE.

“O H, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,





And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee."
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

“Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drownéd maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee.”

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

C. Kingsley.



THE CHINESE PIG.

OLD Madam Grumph the pig has got
A pig-stye of her own ;
She is a most uncommon pig,
And likes to live alone.

A red-tiled roofing covers in
The one-half of her sty ;
And half, surrounded by a wall,
Is open to the sky.

There stands the trough, they keep it filled
With pig-wash and with parings ;
And all the other pigs declare
Dame Grumph has dainty fairings.

They like to see what she's about,
And poke their noses through
A great hole in the pig-stye door,
From whence they get a view.

The pigs that run about the yard
Are very lean and tall,
With long hind legs,—but Madam Grumph
Is round as any ball.

One autumn day when she awoke
('T was very cold and raw),
She found a litter of young pigs
Half-buried in the straw.

"Humph!" said the dame; "now let me see
How many have I got."

She counted, "Six and four are ten,—
Two dead ones in the lot.

"Eight,—that's a nice round family:
A black one, and two white;
The rest are spotted like myself,
With prick ears. That's all right.

"What's to be done with these dead things?
They'd better be thrown out,"
Said she, and packed the litter round
The others with her snout.

"What's that, old Grumphy?" said a pig,
Whose snout peeped through the door;
"There's something moving in the straw
I never saw before."

"I wish you'd mind your own affairs,"
Said she, and stepped between
The young pigs and the pig-stye door,
Not wishing to be seen.

"I hope you slept well," said the pig.

"The wind was very high ;
You are most comfortably lodged—
A most convenient sty."

"I thought I told you once before
To mind your own affairs,"
Said she, and, bristling up her back,
She bit the lean pig's ears.

"Squeak !" said the bitten pig, "sque-e-eak !
Old Grumph's biting hard ;"
And all the lean pigs scampered up
From all sides of the yard.

They grumbled and they grunted loud,
They squeaked in every key ;
At last another pig peeped through
To see what he could see.

Dame Grumph was standing by her pigs,
And looking very proud,
And all the little piggy-wigs
Were squeaking very loud.

“These lovely creatures,” said old Grumph,
“These lovely pigs are mine ;
They’re fat and pink, like human babes,—
Most promising young swine.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed the peeping pig;
“I never should have thought
They were so very promising.”
Old Grumph gave a snort.

“They’re of a most distinguished race :
My mother and her brother
Were both imported from Pekin,—
My pigs are like my mother.

“They never shall associate
With long-legged pigs like you,”
Said she, addressing the lean pig
Whose snout was peeping through.

“Begging your pardon, Madam Grumph,
I really think,” said he,
“The difference is not so great
As it appears to be.

“ If you and I were bacon, ma’am,
The difference between
An Irish and a Chinese pig
Would hardly then be seen.

“ Give me your comfortable sty,
And, above all, your food,
Our little families might prove
Indifferently good.”

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.



WAR SONG

OF THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

TO horse ! to horse ! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call ;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,—
Arouse ye, one and all !

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true ;

Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crowned ;
We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown
Dull Holland's tardy train ;
Their ravished toys though Romans mourn ;
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain ;

Oh ! had they marked the avenging call
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave !

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn ?

No ! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,

The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain ;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our King, to fence our Law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tricolor,
Or footstep of the invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home ! and farewell friends !
Adieu each tender tie !
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious rife,
To conquer, or to die.

To horse ! to horse ! the sabres gleam ;
High sounds our bugle call ;

Combined by honour's sacred tie,
Our word is *Laws and Liberty* !
March forward, one and all !

Scott.

THE WELCOME MINSTRELS.

THIS is young Rub-a-dub-dub,
And his uncle, Thrum-thrum-thrum,
Who plays his guitar, while the cub
Performs on the single drum ;
And the people turn out, with a merry shout,
Where the two musicians come.

For Rub-a-dub-dub can play
A tune that's ne'er forgot ;
It makes in a magical way
The potatoes to dance in the pot.
(As fact don't receive it—I shouldn't believe it
If I had not been on the spot.)

And Thrum-thrum-thrum can boast
Such wondrous skill and wit,

At the sound of his lute, the roast
Turns round upon the spit.
(Delusion you ween it?—if *I* had not seen it
I would not believe it a bit !)

So, when Rub-a-dub-dub they see,
The housewives ne'er look glum ;
And as for his uncle, he
Is always free to come ;
But the turnspit cur, as I can aver,
Thinks highest of Thrum-thrum-thrum.

Tom Hood.

THE KITTENS AND THE VIPER.

CLOSE by the threshold of a door nailed fast,
Three kittens sat; each kitten looked aghast.
I, passing swift and inattentive by
At the three kittens cast a careless eye,
Little concerned to know what they did there;
Not deeming kittens worth a poet's care.
But presently a loud and furious hiss
Caused me to stop, and to exclaim, "What's this?"

When, lo ! with head erect and fiery eye,
A dusky viper on the ground I spy.
Forth from his head his forkéd tongue he throws,
Darting it full against a kitten's nose !
Who, never having seen in field or house
The like, sat still and silent as a mouse ;
Only projecting, with attention due,
Her whiskered face, she asked him, " Who are you ?"
On to the hall went I, with pace not slow,
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe ;
With which, well armed, I hastened to the spot
To find the viper ;—but I found him not ;
And, turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
Found only—that he was not to be found.
But still the kittens, sitting as before,
Were watching close the bottom of the door.
" I hope," said I, " the villain I would kill
Has slipped between the door and the door-sill ;
And if I make dispatch, and follow hard,
No doubt but I shall find him in the yard."
(For long ere now it should have been rehearsed,
'T was in the garden that I found him first.)
Ev'n there I found him—there the full-grown cat
His head with velvet paw did gently pat ;





'We are Seven

As curious as the kittens erst had been
To learn what this phenomenon did mean.
Filled with heroic ardour at the sight,
And fearing every moment he would bite,
And rob our household of the only cat
That was of age to combat with a rat,
With outstretched hoe I slew him at the door,
And taught him NEVER TO COME THERE NO MORE !

Cowper.WE ARE SEVEN.
•

A SIMPLE child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl :
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair
—Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are are seven !—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?”

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive :
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

“The first that died was little Jane :
In bed she moaning lay
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

“So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And all the summer dry
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

“And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.”

“How many are you, then,” said I,
“If they two are in heaven ?”
The little maiden did reply,
“O master ! we are seven.”

“But they are dead ; these two are dead !
Their spirits are in heaven !”
’T was throwing words away ; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, “Nay, we are seven !”

Wordsworth.



LLEWELLYN AND HIS DOG.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheer'ly smiled the morn ;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer;
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race?
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase."

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise :
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed
(And on went Gelert too),
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view !

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stained cover rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied ;
He searched with terror wild ;
Blood ! blood ! he found on every side,
But nowhere found the child !

“ Hell-hound ! by thee my child's devoured ! ”
The frantic father cried ;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gelert's dying yell,
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh ;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry !

Concealed beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kissed !

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death !

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain !
For now the truth was clear :
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.



Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu !
The frantic deed which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raised,
With costly sculpture decked ;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

- Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved ,
• Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear,
And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

Southey.

THE CHAMELEON.

OF T has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post ;
Yet round the world the blade has been
To see whatever can be seen.
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before ;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop :

“Sir, if my judgment you ’ll allow—
I’ve seen—and sure I ought to know.”
So begs you’d pay a due submission
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o’er Arabia’s wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that ;
Discoursed a while, ’mongst other matter,
Of the chameleon’s form and nature.
“A stranger animal,” cries one,
“Sure never lived beneath the sun !
A lizard’s body, lean and long,
A fish’s head, a serpent’s tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoined ;
And what a length of tail behind !
How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue ?”
“Hold there,” the other quick replies,
“’T is green ; I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray ;
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,

And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,

And must again affirm it blue ;

At leisure I the beast surveyed

Extended in the cooling shade."

"'T is green, 't is green, sir, I assure ye."

"Green !" cries the other in a fury ;

"Why, sir, d' ye think I've lost my eyes ?"

"'T were no great loss," the friend replies ;

"For if they always serve you thus,

You'll find them of but little use."

So high at last the contest rose,

From words they almost came to blows

When, luckily, came by a third :

To him the question they referred,

And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,

Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother ;

The creature's neither one nor t' other.

I caught the animal last night,

And viewed it o'er by candlelight ;

I marked it well ; 't was black as jet.—

You stare ; but, sirs, I've got it yet,

And can produce it."—"Pray, sir, do ;

I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
"Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He said, and full before their sight
Produced the beast, and, lo!—'t was white.
Both stared: the man looked wondrous wise.
"My children," the chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
"You all are right, and all are wrong:
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you;
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

Merrick.

THE LITTLE LAMB.

A LITTLE lambkin, white as snow,
Went feeding with its brothers,

And raced and frolicked to and fro,
More wildly than the others.

It ran and sprang o'er stick and stone,
And no one could prevent it.
"Stop!" cried the mother, "little one,
Or surely you'll repent it."

The little lamb went racing still,
And frolicked all the faster,
Till, by a neighbouring rocky hill,
It met with dire disaster.

A great stone lay there on the grass,
Our lamb must needs jump o'er it,
And fell, and broke its leg, alas!
Now sorrow lay before it.

I've told this little tale, dear child,
That thou this lesson learnest :
*The sport that's careless, rude, and wild,
May change to bitter earnest!*

From the German.

THE HAPPY MILLER.

ROBIN the Miller he kept a mill,
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
The noise of the hopper it never was still—
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
A perpetual clatter that, you'd have thought,
Was more than enough to drive him distraught.

Robin the Miller he heeded it not,
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
Though he was not dull of his hearing, I wot.
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
The neighbours wondered what was the matter
With Robin, to make him enjoy such a clatter.

Robin the Miller he once had a wife;
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
After ten years of marriage she quitted this life.
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
And Robin he was not a miller then,
But a farmer employing his forty men.

But Robin, when of his wife bereft,

Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle !

Felt life had little of pleasure left.

Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle !

Most wretched then was his lonely case—

His home it was such a quiet place.

He grew more pale and thin each day,

Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle !

They feared that he would waste away.

Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle !

Said they, "How odd he mourns so!"—She

Was known a terrible scold to be.

At length poor Robin he took the mill,

Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle !

Where the noise of the hopper it is never still—

Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle !

And Robin, recovering quite, at length,

Began to regain his health and his strength.

And this is why the endless noise—

Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!—

Old Robin the Miller he so enjoys,

Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle !
For while the mill goes he does not fret,
For he fancies his wife is living yet !

Tom Hood.

THE VILLAGE BOY.

FREE from the cottage corner, see how wild
The village boy along the pasture hies,
With every smell, and sound, and sight beguiled,
That round the prospect meets his wondering eyes.
Now stooping, eager for the cowslip peeps,
As though he'd get them all ; now, tired of these,
Across the flaggy brook he eager leaps,
For some new flower his happy rapture sees ;
Now, leering 'mid the bushes on his knees
On woodland banks, for bluebell flowers he creeps ;
And now, while looking up among the trees,
He spies a nest, and down he throws his flowers,
And up he climbs with new-fed ecstasies ;
The happiest object in the summer hours.

Clare.

2A

DIRTY JACK.

THERE was one little Jack,
Not very long back,
And 't is said, to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen,
With his hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
And often and well did they scour ;
But all was in vain,—
He was dirty again
Before they had done it an hour.

When to wash he was sent,
He reluctantly went,
With water to splash himself o'er,
But he left the black streaks
Running down both his cheeks,
And made them look worse than before.

The pigs in the dirt
Could not be more expert
Than he was, in grubbing about ;
And people have thought
This gentleman ought
To be made with four legs and a snout.

The idle and bad
May, like to this lad,
Be dirty and black, to be sure ;
But good boys are seen
To be decent and clean,
Although they are ever so poor.

Jane Taylor.

WINTER.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in the pail ;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

Tu-whoo!

Tu-whit! tu-whoo! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

Tu-whoo!

Tu-whit! tu-whoo! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Shakspeare.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,



Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

‘Sad is my fate!’ said the heart-broken stranger:
“The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,—
A home and a country remain not to me.

Never again in the green sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sw
hours:

Or cover my bed with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-bragh.

" Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me
more!

Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase n
Never again shall my brothers embrace me!
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

" Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood
And where is the bosom friend, dearer than al
Ah! my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure!
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measu
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

“ Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers! Erin-go-bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
‘ Erin mavourpeen,—Erin-go-bragh!’ ”

Campbell.



THE DEATH OF NELSON.

O’ER Nelson’s tomb, with silent grief oppressed,
Britannia mourns her hero now at rest;
But those bright laurels ne’er shall fade with years,
Whose leaves are watered by a nation’s tears.

’T was in Trafalgar’s bay
We saw the Frenchmen lay;
Each heart was bounding then.
We scorned the foreign yoke,
Our ships were British oak,

And hearts of oak our men.
Our Nelson marked them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
Nor thought of home and beauty.
Along the line this signal ran—
“England expects that every man
This day will do his duty.”

And now the cannons roar
Along the affrighted shore;
Brave Nelson led the way:
His ship the Victory named;
Long be that victory famed!
For victory crowned the day.
But dearly was that conquest bought,
Too well the gallant hero fought
For England, home, and beauty.
He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,
“England shall find that every man
This day will do his duty!”

At last the fatal wound
Which shed dismay around,
The hero's breast received:

“Heaven fights on our side;
The day ’s our own!” he cried :
“Now long enough I ’ve lived.
In honour’s cause my life was passed,
In honour’s cause I fall at last,
For England, home, and beauty!”
Thus ending life as he began;
England confessed that every man
That day had done his duty.

Arnold.

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

WHO has e’er been in London, that overgrown
place,
Has seen “Lodgings to let” stare him full in the face :
Some are good, and let dearly ; while some, ’t is well
known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only ;

But Will was so fat he appeared like a ton,
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

He entered his room, and to bed he retreated ;
But, all the night long, he felt fevered and heated ;
And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 't was the same. And the next. And the
next :

He perspired like an ox ; he was nervous and vexed ;
Week passed after week ; till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months, his acquaintance began much to doubt
him :

For his skin, like a lady's loose gown, hung about him.
He sent for a doctor ; and cried like a ninny,
" I have lost many pounds. Make me well. There's
a guinea."

The doctor looked wise :—" A slow fever," he said : .
Prescribed sudorifics,—and going to bed.



“Sudorifics in bed,” exclaimed Will, “are humbugs! I’ve enough of them there, without paying for drugs!”

Will kicked out the doctor:—but, when ill indeed, E’en dismissing the doctor don’t always succeed; So, calling his host, he said, “Sir, do you know, I’m the fat single gentleman, six months ago?”

“Look ’e, landlord, I think,” argued Will, with a grin, “That with honest intentions you first took me in; But from the first night—and to say it I’m bold—I’ve been so very hot, that I’m sure I caught cold.”

Quoth the landlord, “Till now, I ne’er had a dispute; I’ve let lodgings ten years; I’m a baker, to boot; In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven; And your bed is immediately over my oven.”

“The oven!” says Will. Says the host, “Why this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
Why so crusty, good sir?”—“Zounds!” cries Will, in a taking,
“Who wouldn’t be crusty, with half a year’s baking?”

Will paid for his rooms. Cried the host
"Well, I see you 've been going away ha
Friend, we can't well agree,—yet no qu
said,

"But I'd rather not perish, while yo
bread."

George Colm

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILL

THERE was a jolly miller once live
Dee,
He danced and sang from morn till nigh
blithe as he ;
And this the burden of his song for ever
"I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody

"I live by my mill, God bless her! s
child, and wife ;
I would not change my station for any o
No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, e'er had
me.

I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody

When spring begins his merry career, oh, how his
heart grows gay !
No summer's drought alarms his fears, nor winter's
cold decay ;
No foresight mars the miller's joy, who 's wont to sing
and say,
“ Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to
day.”

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice and
sing,
The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on
the wing ,
This song shall pass from me to thee, along the jovial
ring,—
Let heart and voice, and all agree, to say, “ Long live
the king.”

Bickerstaffe.

THE BABY BRIGADE.

THREE cheers, three cheers,
For the little Volunteers !

Oh! what a merry sight it is to see them pass,
Knee-deep in buttercups, and ankle-deep in grass
Tramp, tramp, tramp, as onward they go,
Four jolly riflemen all in a row—
Sun-bonnet, felt hat, and tattered hat of straw,
The funniest shakos that ever you saw !
Three cheers, three cheers,
For the merry Volunteers !

The flaxen curly Colonel gives the word of command
To the stout little Corporal, who can scarcely stand
And when the bugle sounds, and they march up
their foes,
The poor little fellow tumbles down on his nose
And what with the laughter and the cackling of
geese,
We're obliged to interfere to keep the Queen
peace;
And we've smiles and tears
From our gallant Volunteers !

And smiling over all is the toil-worn face
Of the kindly old veteran that hangs about the place

Basking in the sunshine, or resting in the shade,
He dearly loves to drill his Baby Brigade,
Fondly encouraging the soldier-plays,
That call to remembrance his own field-days;
And he gives three cheers
For his little Volunteers !

L. W. T.

GAFFER GRAY.

HO ! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray ;
And why does thy nose look so blue ?
“ ’T is the weather that ’s cold,
’T is I ’m grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
Well-a-day ! ”

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray ;
And warm thy old heart with a glass.
“ Nay, but credit I ’ve none,

And my money 's all gone ;
Then say how may that come to pass ?
Well-a-day ! ”

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray ;
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
“ The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day ! ”

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray ;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
“ He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks
Should he ever more find me in want,
Well-a-day ! ”

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray ;
And the season will welcome you there.
“ His fat beeves and his beer,

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000



The good-natured Girls.

And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day !”

My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray ;
What then ? While it lasts, man, we ’ll live.
“ The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day !”

Thomas Holcroft.

THE GOOD-NATURED GIRLS.

TWO good little girls, named Mary and Ann,
Both happily lived, as good girls always can ;
And though they were not either sullen or mute,
They seldom or never were heard to dispute.

If one wants a thing that the other could get,
They don’t go to scratching or fighting for it ;

But each one is willing to give up her right,
For they 'd rather have nothing than quarrel and fight

If one of them happens to have something nice,
Directly she offers her sister a slice ;
And not like to some greedy children I 've known,
Who would go in a corner to eat it alone.

When papa or mamma had a job to be done,
Those good little girls would immediately run,
And not stand disputing to which it belonged,
And grumble and fret, and declare they were wronge

Whatever occurred, in their work or their play,
They were willing to yield and give up their own way
Then let us all try their example to mind,
And always, like them, be obliging and kind.

Jane Taylor.

THE JOVIAL BEGGARS.

THERE was a jovial beggar,
He had a wooden leg,

Lame from his cradle,
And forced for to beg.
And a-begging we will go, will go, will go;
And a-begging we will go !

A bag for his oatmeal,
Another* for his salt,
And a pair of crutches,
To show that he can halt.
And a-begging, &c.

A bag for his wheat,
Another for his rye,
And a little bottle by his side,
To drink when he is a-dry.
And a-begging, &c.

Seven years I begged
For my old master Wild ;
He taught me to beg
When I was but a child.
And a-begging, &c.

I begged for my master,
And got him store of pelf ;

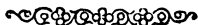
But, Jove now be praised,
I 'm begging for myself.
And a-begging, &c.

In a hollow tree
I live, and pay no rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.
And a-begging, &c.

Of all the occupations,
A beggar's is the best,
For whenever he's a-weary,
He can lay him down to rest.
And a-begging, &c.

I fear no plots against me,
I live in open cell;
Then who would be a king,
When beggars live so well?
And a-begging we will go, &c.

Playford.





THE GARDENER'S GRANDCHILD.

“**W**HICH is the Queen of the Roses?
Gardener, can you tell?”

“Oh! the Queen of the Roses to me, sir,
Is my own little grandchild Nell.

"She waters the flowers for me, sir,
She carries them out to sell ;
Not one is so bright to me, sir,
As my own little grandchild Nell.

"She works in my garden too, sir,
She weeds in the shady dell,
Where the violets and the lilies
Blossom around my Nell.

"I love the flowers I've tended
More years than I can tell ;
Geranium, sweet pea, fuchsia,
Jessamine, gentianelle ;

'Salvia, and china aster,
Heliotrope, heather-bell ;
My flowers have been my treasures.
Next to my grandchild Nell.

"But the rose is the Queen of the Flower
As every one can tell,
And *she* is the Queen of the Roses,
My own granddaughter Nell."

Mrs. Ha

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.

IT was a friar of orders grey
Walked forth to tell his beads ;
And he met with a lady fair
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar !
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true-love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true-love
From many another one ?"

"Oh, by his cockle-hat and staff,
And by his sandle shoon.

'But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view ;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
And eyes of lovely blue."

“ Oh, lady, he is dead and gone !
Lady, he 's dead and gone !
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

“ Within these holy cloisters long
He languished, and he died
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

“ They bore him barefaced on his bier,
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedewed his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.”

“ And art thou dead, thou gentle youth !
And art thou dead and gone !
And didst thou die for love of me ?
Break, cruel heart of stone !”

“ Oh, weep not, lady, weep not so,
Some ghostly comfort seek ;
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.”

“ Oh, do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove ;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

“ And now, alas ! for thy sad loss
I 'll ever weep and sigh ;
For thee I only wished to live,
For thee I wish to die.”

“ Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain ;
For violets plucked, the sweetest shower
Will ne'er make grow again.

“ Our joys as wingéd dreams do fly :
Why, then, should sorrow last ?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.”

“ Oh, say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so ;
For since my true-love died for me,
'T is meet my tears should flow.

“ And will he never come again ?
Will he ne'er come again ?
Ah, no ! he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

“ His cheek was redder than the rose ;
The comeliest youth was he ;
But he is dead and laid in his grave :
Alas, and woe is me ! ”

“ Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more ;
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

“ Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and weary ;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer-trees were leafy.”

“ Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so ;
My love he had the truest heart,
Oh, he was ever true !

“ And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth,
And didst thou die for me ?
Then, farewell home ; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

“ But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I 'll lay,
And thrice I 'll kiss the green grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay.”

“ Yet stay, fair lady, rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall ;
See, through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.”

“ Oh, stay me not, thou holy friar,
Oh, stay me not, I pray !
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away.”

“ Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears ;
For see, beneath this gown of grey
Thy own true-love appears.

“ Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought,
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought .

“ But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet passed away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.”

“ Now farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Once more unto my heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.”

Percy.



BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind !
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude!
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh, ho! sing heigh, ho! unto the green holly,
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
 Then heigh, ho! the holly!
 This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot!
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not.
 Heigh, ho! &c., &c.

Shakespeare.



A-HUNTING WE WILL GO.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
 And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
 The huntsman winds his horn.
 And a-hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay:
"My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows;
You cannot hunt to-day."
Yet a-hunting we will go.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly switch;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch.
Yet a-hunting we will go.

Sly reynard now like lightning flies,
And sweeps across the vale;
And when the hounds too near he spies,
He drops his bushy tail.
Then a-hunting we will go.

Fond echo seems to like the sport,
And join the jovial cry;
The woods, the hills, the sound retort,
And music fills the sky,
When a-hunting we do go.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
Poor reynard ceases flight;
Then, hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night,
And a-drinking we do go.

Ye jovial hunters, in the morn
Prepare, then, for the chase;
Rise at the sounding of the horn,
And health with sport embrace,
When a-hunting we do go.

Fielding.

THE SNUG LITTLE ISLAND.

DADDY NEPTUNE one day to Freedom did say,
If ever I lived upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be little Britain!
Says Freedom, "Why, that's my own island!"
Oh, 'tis a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island!
Search the globe round, none can be found
So happy as this little island.

Julius Cæsar the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water—he couldn't come by land ;
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turned their
backs on,
And all for the sake of our island.
Oh, what a snug little island !
They 'd all have a touch at the island !
Some were shot dead, some of them fled,
And some stayed to live on the island.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
Cried, " Hang it, I never liked my land !
It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
And live on your beautiful island."
Says he, "'T is a snug little island :
Shan't us go visit the island ?"
Hop, skip, and jump, there he was plump,
And he kicked up a dust in the island.

But party deceit helped the Normans to beat ;
Of traitors they managed to buy land ;
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, Britons ne'er had been licked,
Had they stuck to the king of their island.
Poor Harold, the king of our island,

He lost both his life and his island.
That's all very true : what more could he do?
Like a Briton he died for his island !

The Spanish Armada set out to invade-a,
'T will sure, if they ever come nigh land,
They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And take their full swing on the island.
Oh, the poor queen of the island !
The dons came to plunder the island ;
But snug in her hive the queen was alive,
And "buz" was the word of the island.

These proud puffed-up cakes thought to make ducks .
and drakes
Of our wealth ; but they hardly could spy land,
When our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck
And stoop to the lads of the island !
Huzza for the lads of the island ;
The good wooden walls of the island ;
Devil or don, let them come on,
And see how they 'd come off the island !

Since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune,
In each saying, "This shall be my land ;"

Should the "Army of England," or all it could bring,
land,

We 'd show 'em some play for the island.

We 'd fight for our right to the island ;

We 'd give them enough of the island ;

Invaders should just bite once at the dust,

But not a bit more of the island.

Diddum.



GRANDPAPA.

GRANDPAPA'S hair is very white,

And grandpapa walks but slow ;

He likes to sit still in his easy chair,

While the children come and go.

"Hush !—play quietly," says mamma :

"Let nobody trouble dear grandpapa."

Grandpapa's hand is thin and weak,

It has worked hard all his days :

A strong right hand, and an honest hand,

That has won all good men's praise.



“ Kiss it tenderly,” says mamma :
“ Let every one honour grandpapa.”

Grandpapa's eyes are growing dim :
They have looked on sorrow and death ;
But the love-light never went out of them,
Nor the courage and the faith.
“ You children, all of you,” says mamma,
“ Have need to look up to dear grandpapa.”

Grandpapa's years are wearing few,
But he leaves a blessing behind—
A good life lived, and a good fight fought,
True heart and equal mind.
"Remember, my children," says mamma,
"You bear the name of your grandpapa."

The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."



OUTWARD BOUND.

CLINK-CLINK-CLINK! goes our windlas
"Ahoy!"—"Haul in!"—"Let go!"
Yards braced and sails set,—
Flags uncurl and flow.
Some eyes that watch from shore are wet,
(How bright their welcome shone!)
While, bending softly to the breeze,
And rushing through the parted seas,
Our gallant ship glides on.
Though one has left a sweetheart,
And one has left a wife,

'T will never do to mope and fret,
Or curse a sailor's life.
See, far away they signal yet—
They dwindle—fade—they're gone !
For dashing outwards, bold and brave,
And springing light from wave to wave,
Our merry ship flies on.

Gay spreads the sparkling ocean ;
But many a gloomy night
And stormy morrow must be met
Ere next we heave in sight.
The parting look we'll ne'er forget,
The kiss, the benison,
As round the rolling world we go.
God bless you all !—blow, breezes, blow !
Sail on, good ship, sail on !

William Allingham.

HOMeward BOUND

HEAD the ship for England !
Shake out every sail !

Blithe leap the billows,
Merry sings the gale.
Captain, work the reck'ning ;
How many knots a day ?—
Round the world and home again,
That 's the sailor's way !

We 've traded with the Yankees,
Brazilians, and Chinese ;
We 've laughed with dusky beauties
In shade of high palm trees ;
Across the Line and Gulf-stream—
Round by Table Bay—
Everywhere and home again,
That 's the sailor's way !

Nightly stands the North Star
Higher on our bow ;
Straight we run for England ;
Our thoughts are in it now.
Jolly time with friends ashore,
When we 've drawn our pay !—
All about and home again,
That 's the sailor's way !

Tom will to his parents ;
Jack will to his dear ;
Joe to wife and children ;
Bob to pipes and beer ;
Dicky to the dancing-room,
To hear the fiddles play ;—
Round the world and home again,
That 's the sailor's way !

William Allingham.



THE MINUTE GUN.

WHEN in the storm on Albion's coast
The night-watch guards his wary post,
From thoughts of danger free,
He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears, amid the howling storm,
The minute gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few
The life-boat man with a gallant crew,
And dare the dangerous wave:

Through the wild surf they cleave their way,
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,
For they go the crew to save.

But, oh, what rapture fills each breast
Of the hapless crew of the ship distressed !
Then, landed safe, what joy to tell
Of all the dangers that befell !
Then is heard no more,
By the watch on shore,
The minute gun at sea.

Sharpe.

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I 'LL seek a four-leaved shamrock
In all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmed leaf,
Oh, how I 'll weave my spells !
I would not waste my magic might
On diamond, pearl, or gold ;
For treasure tires the weary sense—
Such triumph is but cold ;

But I would play the enchanter's part
In casting bliss around ;
Oh ! not a tear nor aching heart
Should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honour,
I'd dry the mourner's tears,
And to the pallid lip recall
The smile of happier years ;
And hearts that had been long estranged,
And friends that had grown cold,
Should meet again like parted streams,
And mingle as of old.
Oh ! thus I'd play the enchanter's part
In casting bliss around ;
Oh ! not a tear nor aching heart
Should in the world be found.

The heart that had been mourning
O'er vanished dreams of love,
Should see them all returning,
Like Noah's faithful dove.
And Hope should launch her blessed bark
On Sorrow's darkening sea,

And Misery's children have an ark,
And saved from sinking be.
Oh ! thus I'd play the enchanter's part
In casting bliss around ;
Oh ! not a tear nor aching heart
Should in the world be found.

Samuel Lover.

A STORY BY THE FIRE.

CHILDREN love to hear of children !
I will tell of a little child
Who dwelt alone with his mother
By the edge of a forest wild.
One summer eve from the forest,
Late, late, down the grassy track,
The child came back with lingering step,
And looks oft turning back.
“Oh, mother !” he said, “in the forest
I have met with a little child ;
All day he played with me—all day
He talked with me and smiled.



At last he left me alone, but then
He gave me this rosebud red ;
And said he would come to me again
When all its leaves were spread.

“ I will put my rosebud in a glass,
I will watch it night and day.
Dear little friend, wilt thou come again ?
Wilt thou come by my side to play ?
I will seek for strawberries—the best
Of all shall be for thee ;

I will show thee the eggs in the linnet's nest
None knoweth of but me."

At morn, beside the window-sill,
Awoke a bird's clear song ;
But all within the house was still,
The child was sleeping long.
The mother went to his little room—
With all its leaves outspread
She saw a rose in fullest bloom ;
And, in the little bed,
A child that did not breathe nor stir,
A little, happy child,
Who had met his little friend again,
And in the meeting smiled.

Dora Greenwell.

THE BAY OF BISCAY.

L OUD roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers:

The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day, there she lay
In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Now dashed upon the billow,
Our opening timbers creak ;
Each fears a watery pillow,—
None stops the dreadful leak ;
To cling to slippery shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay, till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O !

At length the wished-for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky ;
Absorbed in silent sorrow,
Each heaved a bitter sigh ;
The dismal wreck to view
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,

When Heaven, all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent;
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers:
Now we sail, with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

Cherry.

THE KING AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

THERE was an old chap in the west country,
A flaw in the lease the lawyers had found,
'Twas all about felling of five oak trees,
And building a house upon his own ground.
Right too looral, looral, looral—right too
looral la!

Now, this old chap to Lunnun would go,
To tell the king a part of his woe,
Likewise to tell him a part of his grief,
In hopes the king would give him relief.

Now, when this old chap to Lunnun had come,
He found the king to Windsor had gone;
But if he'd known he'd not been at home,
He danged his buttons if ever he'd come.

Now, when this old chap to Windsor did stump,
The gates were barred, and all secure;
But he knocked and thumped with his oaken clump,—
“There's room within for I to be sure.”

But when he got there, how he did stare,
To see the yeomen strutting about!
He scratched his head and rubbed down his hair;
In the ear of a noble he gave a great shout:

“Pray, Mr. Noble, show I the king;
Is that the king that I see there?
I seed an old chap at Bartlemy Fair
Look more like a king than that chap there.

“Well, Mr. King, pray how d'ye do?
I gotten for you a bit of a job,
Which if you'll be so kind as to do,
I gotten a summut for you in my fob.”

The king he took the lease in hand
To sign it, too, he was likewise w
And the old chap, to make a little a
He lugged out his bag, and gave h

The king, to carry on the joke,
Ordered ten pounds to be paid do
The farmer he stared, but nothing s
And stared again, and he scratche

The farmer he stared to see so muc
And to take it up he was likewise
But if he'd a-known king had got so
He danged his wig if he'd gi'en him



THE MINSTREL-BOY.

THE minstrel-boy to the war is
In the ranks of death you 'll
His father's sword he has girded on
And his wild harp slung behind h



The Beggar Man.

‘Land of song!’ said the warrior-bard,
“Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!”

The minstrel fell!—but the foeman’s chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne’er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder;
And said, “No chain shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!”

Thomas Moore.

THE BEGGAR-MAN.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer’s rosy children sat;
The faggot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round, and careless chat.

When, hark ! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door ;
And, thus to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard t' implore :

“ Cold blows the blast across the moor ;
The sleet drives hissing in the wind ;
Yon toilsome mountain lies before ;
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

“ My eyes are weak and dim with age ;
No road, no path, can I descry ;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

“ So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear ;
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

“ Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast ;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have passed.”

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar-man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came,
And warmed his stiffening hands in theirs ;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul,
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tear was seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er ;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

Lucy Aikin.



LORD BATEMAN.

L ORD BATEMAN he was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree;
He shipped himself on board a ship,
Some foreign country he would go see.

He sailéd east, and he sailéd west,
Until he came to proud Turkéy;
Where he was taken and put to prison,
Until his life was almost wearié.

And in this prison there grew a tree,
It grew so stout, and grew so strong;
Where he was chainéd by the middle,
Until his life was almost gone.

This Turk he had one only daughter,
The fairest creature my eyes did see;
She stole the keys of her father's prison,
And swore Lord Bateman she would set free.



“Have you got houses? have you got lands?
Or does Northumberland belong to thee?
What would you give to the fair young lady
That out of prison would set you free?”

“I have got houses, I have got lands,
And half Northumberland belongs to me;
I'll give it all to the fair young lady
That out of prison would set me free.”

Oh, then she took him to her father's hall,
And gave to him the best of wine;
And every health she drank unto him,
"I wish, Lord Bateman, that you were mine!

"Now in seven years I'll make a vow,
And seven years I'll keep it strong,
If you'll wed with no other woman,
I will wed with no other man."

Oh, then she took him to her father's harbour,
And gave to him a ship of fame;
"Farewell, farewell to you, Lord Bateman,
I'm afraid I ne'er shall see you again."

Now seven long years are gone and past,
And fourteen days well known to thee;
She packed up all her gay clothing,
And swore Lord Bateman she would go see.

But when she came to Lord Bateman's castle,
So boldly she rang the bell;
"Who's there? who's there?" cried the proud porter;
"Who's there? unto me come tell."

“ Oh, is this Lord Bateman’s castle?
Or is his lordship here within?”

“ Oh, yes! oh, yes!” cried the young portér,
“ He’s just now taken his new bride in.”

“ Oh, tell him to send me a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best wine;
And not forgetting the fair young lady
Who did release him when close confine.”

Away, away went this proud young porter,
Away, away, and away went he,
Until he came to Lord Bateman’s chamber,—
Down on his bended knees fell he.

“ What news, what news, my proud young porter?
What news hast thou brought unto me?”

“ There is the fairest of all young creatures
That ever my two eyes did see!

“ She has got rings on every finger,
And round one of them she has got three,
And as much gay clothing round her middle
As would buy all Northumberlea.

"She bids you send her a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best wine;
And not forgetting the fair young lady
Who did release you when close confine."

Lord Bateman he then in a passion flew,
And broke his sword in splinters three;
Saying, "I will give all my father's riches
If Sophia has crossed the sea."

Then up spoke the young bride's mother,
Who never was heard to speak so free,
"You'll not forget my only daughter,
If Sophia has crossed the sea."

"I own I made a bride of your daughter,
She's neither the better nor worse for me;
She came to me with her horse and saddle,
She may go back in her coach and three."

Lord Bateman prepared another marriage,
And sang, with heart so full of glee,
"I'll range no more in foreign countries
Now, since Sophia has crossed the sea."

Old Ballad.

YOUTH AND AGE.

OF warm sunlight scarce a span
In the shady lane
'Twixt the child and the old man ;
Yet between the twain
Such a wide long stretch of years,
Joys and sorrows, smiles and tears !

Little Mary's golden head
Doubling summer's gold ;—
Winter snow-wreaths quickly shed
On that brow so old !
Will she e'er grow grey as he ?
Was he ever young as she ?

Happy little Mary !
Never grave or sad ;
Tales of elf and fairy
Make her young heart glad ;—
Gentle thoughts of humankind
Fill with peace the old man's mind.

For, as fruits grow mellow,
Hearts grow ripe with ruth,
When the leaves are yellow ;—
In the spring of youth
Sunshine warms the shallow root,
Swelling blossoms for the fruit !

Tom Hood.

THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea ;
And the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's
dwelling,
And she cried, " Dermot, darling, oh ! come back to
me."

Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face while she bended her knee.
" Oh ! blessed be that warning, my child, thy sleep
adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

“And while they are keeping bright watch o’er thy
sleeping,
Oh ! pray to them softly, my baby, with me ;
And say thou wouldst rather they’d watch o’er thy
father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.”

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe’s father to see ;
And closely caressing her child, with a blessing,
Said, “ I knew that the angels were whispering with
thee.”

Samuel Lover.



MY JESSIE.

MY Jessie lives beyond the town,
Just where the moorland, bare and brown,
Looks over to the sea :
A little maid of lowly birth,
But, oh ! of all the girls on earth,
The dearest girl to me !



Few summers hath she known : her eyes
Are bluer than the summer skies,
And brimming o'er with fun ;
Her hair is like a golden crown ;
Her little hands are sadly brown ;
Her cheek tells of the sun.

But could you see her come and go,
In summer shine and winter snow,
As I do, day by day ;

Now rising like the lark at morn ;
Like Ruth, now gleaning in the corn ;
Now busy in the hay ;

Now racing like a greyhound fleet
Along the glist'ning sands, with feet
Like snow, so white and bare ;
All beauty, health, enjoyment, mirth,
You'd say no queen on all the earth
Was ever half so fair !

Amelia B. Edwards

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it—I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair !
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize—
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with
sighs ;
'T is bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.

Would you learn the spell?—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear ;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my Guide ;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim and her locks were grey,
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped,
My idol was shattered—my earth-star fled :
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'T is past ! 't is past ! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow :
'T was there she nursed me—'t was there she died,



And memory flows with lava tide!
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding tears run down my cheek;
But I love it—I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm-chair.

Eliza Cook.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

HOW happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile hands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

THE BEST PRAYER.

HE prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Coleridge.



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